



Vol. II. No. 15.

New York, Saturday, April 15, 1899.

\$3.00 per Year.
10 Cents per Copy.

MINSTREL-PAGES.

By Paul Arene.

Pages, little minstrel-pages! Does not the name alone set one to dreaming? Though but dimly realizing their life, one pictures it by imagination.

For these minstrel-pages really existed. The illustrious d'Assoucy, Emperor of Burlesque, of whose wonderful adventures we read, always traveled accompanied by two little pages, whom he taught to sing. At this epoch every traveling musician did the same. Marie de Medicis having brought many of them from Italy, the fashion continued after her until Louis XIV.

Lulli, that demon-child of thirteen years, bright, wicked and black, although the son of a miller, was one of these minstrel-pages when the Chevalier de Guise found him scraping a violin in the streets of Florence: "Bring me a little Italian if you can find a pretty one," said Mademoiselle de Montpensier to the Chevalier de Guise. And the Chevalier brought Lulli as he would have brought a parrot from America, and Lulli succeeded at court. You see that the street-minstrels of these days, who murder the "Miserere du Trouvère" and bawl out "Eviva l'Italia" in the cafés of the capital, have royal ancestors.

No doubt this was a charming life, full of adventure for a youth of fourteen or fifteen years, traveling across the country studying music instead of war, and carrying, instead of a lance or sword, as did the pages in the time of Queen Berthe—what is worth more, perhaps, a lute or a rebec and the tablets of some singer-poet.

Happy days were certainly not lacking. Perhaps Madam Royal sent for the master and pupil to come to her palace of the Vigne that she might hear their new song. Or perhaps a prior-legate of the Pope regaled them with episcopal or papal wine. People contend for their company all the length of the way, the chateaux throw open their doors to them, and scatter flowers in the path of the master—to the pupil, the pretty child who follows timidly in the rear, a coat embroidered with gold, a plumed hat or a valuable poinard, as a souvenir.

Then there were pleasant visits in the villages, colleagues that one encountered, choice companions who entertained you, unlooked for adventures on the way, and sometimes a duel over a song or a couplet. The apprentice-musician shared in everything, sometimes to the detriment of the music, as was proven by this Pierrot page of d'Assoucy, who lost his voice from excessive drink.

But there were, alas! also days of misery, when the gates remained closed to them, ears remained insensible, and they passed through hard seasons, singing in the public-houses for the common people, with toilets somewhat the worse for wear. Art gained by this, however, for the master with his empty pockets returned to the lodging-place at an earlier hour, and the page benefited by a longer lesson than usual. But most unfortunately of all it was, when the master disappeared, having been imprisoned for some evil act, and then died, leaving his poor little page all alone in a strange country.

I once found at a country-seat in Haut-Dauphiné—half farm, half chateau—the letter of a little musician thus abandoned during the winter season—a letter, alas! which has been retained in the family for more than two hundred years in their archives of valuable papers, and never reached its destination:

"My dear Sister:

"How cold it is here, and how unhappy is thy Giovannino!

"Dost thou remember the last spring time, when Signor Antonio, my good master, considered me, in spite of my youth, sufficiently advanced in music and singing to go to Paris? 'Paris is far away,' said he, 'but we can sing on the way. . . . At Paris the queen is a Medici. . . .

With a lute and a sufficient répertoire of beautiful airs, one

is sure of making a fortune at Paris.' . . . Paris, always Paris! And always the queen of the court! So then, one fine morning we departed. Besides our musical instruments and our books, we carried on the back of a donkey the big Neapolitan clown, all dressed in white and strapped with leather just as Antonio himself carved him from wood, which caused us to laugh so merrily the past year; poor Pulcinella had very little good luck, no more than I, and old Antonio had still less.

"Everything went well the first few months after we had left Italy, while we were in Provence. Picture to yourself a country like ours: the sea, the clear blue sky, white houses o'ergrown with green vines, and many peaceful villages and large cities. . . . It was a real delight, a pleasure, to travel here. Then the language—almost Italian—and good natured people, always ready to sing, always laughing! Our duets, instrumental and vocal, pleased wonderfully, and Pulcinella, although his pantomime was not understood as well, achieved considerable success. What a beautiful France it is!

"At length we were obliged to leave this part of the country. The master, always enthusiastic, cried: 'Parigi! Parigi!' So we journeyed by way of the mountains leading towards Lyons, this being the shortest route.

"What a change, little sister!—rocks, always rocks. Here and there a poor little village, and the sky less blue, and the language becoming more and more harsh as we ascended. Our songs no longer pleased; and as for Pulcinella, the people were totally unable to comprehend him.

"We were becoming discouraged, Antonio and I; even Pulcinella was melancholy. He lacked courage and animation; his red eyes became dull, his painted face seemed sad.

"It is bitter and cold without the sunlight," sighed Antonio; then hoping to cheer us, he repeated: 'Parigi! Parigi!' No more receipts at these places nor at the inns; and withal, that intense cold. Cold and hunger together—what suffering!

"We sold the donkey, and I carried the books and the lutes. Antonio went ahead across the dreary fields, by way of the rough roads filled with ruts. 'Go slowly! go slowly!' he murmured, 'Paris is a long way off, and the road is steep.'

"We scarce advanced, for the old master was too fatigued. One day he fell down in the snow, and after that he was constantly falling. Finally we stopped at a little village where they told us that the roads would be blocked for a month, and that we must wait there until the return of the worm weather.

"But how could we without money? . . . Old Antonio was discouraged. Alas! alas! he sighed, 'poor Pulcinella!'

"That evening, sitting in front of the pine wood fire which the country folk had allowed us to share, Antonio desired to give me my last lesson by the fire-light. The last! Dost thou see, little one? But I did not understand that this was in reality his 'last' lesson. Then he bade me good-night more lovingly than usual, and we climbed up to the hay-mow to sleep.

"I had hung Pulcinella before the window with a big cord, fastening it with a tight knot. In the middle of the night a sound awoke me; I started up and looked around. In front of me, as white as the snow and the moonlight which shone in the window, Pulcinella was swinging. It is very natural that a clown should swing, is it not? Still, I was filled with terror at the sight!

"Antonio! Antonio!" . . . cried I, but Antonio made no reply. I turned around, and, on the wall behind me, in the strong light from the window, I saw a black figure. It looked like the shadow of Pulcinella. . . . I could see the knot and the rope.

"Antonio!"

"At this moment (I thought perhaps it was the wind that caused it), the figure of Pulcinella unloosed itself and fell. But on the wall back of me, strangely enough, I still saw

the motionless shadow, with the rope and the knot. 'Antonio!' Alas! The seeming shadow of Pulcinella was Antonio—my master, my poor master, who had hanged himself. I buried Antonio and the country people burned Pulcinella—the barbarians!—pretending it was witchcraft, and now I am alone; but spring is coming; I will go to Paris, and I will play at the court a beautiful song that I have composed in memory of my old master:—

'Pulcinella nella neve'—Pulcinella in the snow, Pulcinella dead of cold."

Good luck at Paris, sweet little minstrel-page! Didst thou gain fortune with thy melodies, and wear one day, not unworthily, the coat of embroidered satin that the king bestowed on his little violinists? I think so; and yet this letter, which never reached its destination? . . . Perhaps the spring came all too late for the poor little Giovannino. Perhaps he died among the snows, died of cold and hunger, like Antonio and Pulcinella!

[Translated from the French by A. LENALIE.]

GOLDMARK TALKS.

Carl Goldmark, the eminent Viennese composer, has ever fought shy of the insistent interviewer, but a representative of the London "Telegraph" recently succeeded in extracting some interesting opinions from him. The scribe says: "To my surprise he confessed at once that he had never set foot in England. 'They can have any of my music in your country; why should they wish to see me?' Thus modestly he answers my suggestion that a personal glimpse of a composer may be a welcome thing to those who know and esteem his works. I tell him of our string-players, and of the delight which their handling of the violin parts in the 'Rustic Symphony' would bring to his ears. 'Ah! That is what Richter says,' is his reply. 'It would please me much, although I am now an old man, if any occasion were to bring me to England.' Of his new opera he will say but little. 'The music you will hear for yourself. As for the libretto, you will find that we do not give you the tale of Achilles and Briseis quite as Homer tells it. I would say to you simply that it is the story of Achilles' heart. As Homer fashioned him, Achilles would not have made a good hero of opera. My collaborator has set his imagination to work and tried to give romance to the story. My music? Well—there is only one leitmotif in the opera! With this burst of confidence Carl Goldmark leaves the subject of 'Die Kriegsgefangene,' and proceeds to ask if the bar placed by the English authorities in the way of such operas as deal with Biblical subjects is likely to be removed. By right of his 'Queen of Sheba' he has an interest in the question. But I am forced to tell him that no alteration of our lord chamberlain's existing practice is to be looked for—at any rate, so far as the immediate future is concerned. While I am yet apologizing for the delicacy of English feelings in such matters as these, an advance-signal heralds the coming of the invalid's luncheon, and so we take our leave."

Old Guard Musicals.—A very interesting musicale was given by the "Old Guard" at their armory, Forty-ninth street and Broadway, New York, on Thursday evening, April 6, under the smooth management of Mr. John G. W. Kuchle. A number of well-known artists were heard in an elaborate and most carefully prepared programme. The best numbers were contributed by Mlle. Bruguère, whose singing of some songs and an aria from "Tannhäuser" was artistic in the extreme; the Templar Quartet, which aroused great enthusiasm; and Mr. William Lavine, whose spirited and melodious singing of two war songs, "Beside the Camp-Fire Idly Dreaming," and "At the Sound of the Sunset Gun," brought forth utmost approbation from the old warriors present, who were deeply stirred. Mr. Lavine, who has a sympathetic voice, of some range, has been very successful this season with his war songs.

SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERT.

The very last Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House took place under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, whose orchestra had the assistance of four soloists, Moriz Rosenthal, Meynheer Van Rooy, Herr Dippel, and Frau Schumann-Heink. Mme. Marie Engel was also down on the programme, but indisposition prevented her appearance.

The attractive programme drew only a fair-sized audience, who made up in enthusiasm, however, what they lacked in numbers. When a Sunday night affair can no longer crowd the Metropolitan, then one begins to realize that the death-knell has rung of the season of 1898-99.

Herr Dippel's fresh, flexible voice showed to good advantage in the farewell from "Lohengrin," and the prize song from "Die Meistersinger."

Mme. Schumann-Heink, a lasting favorite with Sabbath audiences, earned her usual share of appreciation and applause, in the aria "Che faro senza Eurydice," from Gluck's "Orfeo." She was very well disposed.

Meynheer Van Rooy was made to feel that New York by no means shares Boston's poor opinion of his vocal prowess. Both after Wolfram's address from "Tannhäuser" and a group of songs later in the programme, the excellent basso was applauded with quite unusual vim.

Rosenthal was easily the central figure of interest, and succeeded in winning the most unequivocal admiration from the orchestra as well as the audience. He played Chopin's B flat minor scherzo, Poldini's valse, op. 18, No. 1; his own arrangement of Strauss' waltzes, and of Davidoff's 'cello piece, "Am Spring-Brunnen." He has not yet lost his technic.

The orchestra played some Wagner numbers in a fashion that might have opened Mr. Grau's eyes as to what Paur and his men could have done for the opera this season.

SCHILLER RECITAL.

Mme. Madeline Schiller, who made her re-entrée on the New York concert stage during the early part of this season, and who was prevented from subsequent appearances by a lasting attack of influenza, felt herself well enough last Thursday afternoon to bid her many admirers to a piano-recital at Mendelssohn Hall.

Mme. Schiller had chosen a most exacting programme, containing Schumann's "Carnaval," Brahms' F minor sonata, Rubinstein's "Rêve Angélique," Joseffy's arrangement of the Chopin valse in D flat, Chopin's F sharp impromptu and G minor ballade, and Liszt's "Venezia e Napoli" tarantelle.

The Brahms number was particularly interesting in view of the fact that Sauer played it here recently, and that it figures on the programmes of Joseffy's recital, to take place shortly.

Mme. Schiller gave the work an analytical reading. There was hardly a measure which did not testify to conscientious study of meaning and purpose. Such thoroughness was naturally productive of uncommon results, and in consequence Mme. Schiller revealed many possibilities in phrasing and accentuation, which were never before heard in New York. The lovely andante was full of beautiful melody, ending in a logical and passionate climax. It was altogether an uncommon performance, which some of our greatest pianists would find difficult to imitate.

The "Carnaval" gave Mme. Schiller another opportunity for the exploitation of hidden beauties, and under her hands the rather hackneyed work assumed an entirely unfamiliar aspect. It is this tendency to get away from the conventional, the accepted, and to disregard technic for technic's sake, that makes Mme. Schiller's work so unlike that of many other noted pianists.

The lesser pieces were in pleasant contrast to the severe opening numbers, and gave Mme. Schiller a chance to prove that brilliant virtuosity is not confined only to male pianists. The Joseffy and Liszt numbers were replete with splendid finger-work.

A large audience applauded Mme. Schiller liberally, proving conclusively that New York does not so quickly forget its old favorites.

The programme of the second recital, April 20, will include Beethoven's Sonate Appassionata and Rubinstein's octet, with Mr. Richard Arnold and members of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

New Comic Opera.—Messrs. M. Witmark & Sons, New York, have signed contracts with Victor Herbert, Fred Rankin, and Kirk La Shelle, to publish their new comic opera, "The Ameer," which has been written for Frank Daniels. "The Ameer" will be put on for a New York run early next winter.

Franko for London.—Mr. Nahan Franko, the volatile concert-master of the Paur Orchestra, has signed a contract with Maurice Grau, for the latter's London season at Covent Garden. Mr. Franko will sail on the "Campania," April 22. Straight from the flush of his successes here, the genial violinist should have a pot of luck in London. He can "call" any English concert-master.

Gadski's Plans.—Johanna Gadski, who is singing with the Ellis Opera Company in San Francisco, has been engaged by Maurice Grau to sing at Covent Garden in London the coming season. This will be her first appearance in London, and she will make her début on May 13 or 15 as Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser." She will also sing Sieglinde in "Die Walküre," Elsa in "Lohengrin," Eva in "Die Meistersinger," Aida and Dona Elvira in "Don Giovanni," and possibly Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mme. Gadski, prior to sailing for London, will take part in the performance of Walter Damrosch's "Manila Te Deum," to be given at the Auditorium in Chicago on May 1.

A SUCCESSFUL TENOR.

It is small wonder that Van Rensselaer Bunn is musical, for he was born and reared in a musical atmosphere. His father, David L. Bunn, was a tenor of some fame when young, and sang for several seasons with Mlle. Litta, well known years ago. Mr. Bunn's sister is a well-known church organist, a pupil of Mr. Clarence Eddy, and presides at the organ at Bloomingdale Reform Church, New York.

After studying for some time with several of the local teachers in Decatur, Ill., his native town, Mr. Bunn was finally discovered by Francis Fisher Powers, of New York, who was on a Summer trip through Illinois.



VAN RENNELAER BUNN.

Mr. Powers brought his protégée to New York, and taught him to such good purpose that Mr. Bunn to-day gives him all credit for the placing and cultivation of his voice.

Soon after reaching New York, Mr. Bunn was offered a solo position at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, which he has held up to the present time, and where he has just signed another contract for the coming year. Mr. Bunn generally spends the Summer months at his Illinois home, where he teaches a large class.

Mr. Bunn is also frequently heard on the concert stage, and some of his important engagements this Winter have been at Carnegie Hall, with the Ladies' Oratorio Society, Brooklyn, and at numerous fashionable private musicales. His coming engagements include Albany, Troy, Syracuse, St. Louis and several Western cities, besides a return engagement at Mackinac Island, Mich., a famous Summer resort.

Mr. Bunn has a dramatic tenor voice, of exceptional range and unusual quality. He is now studying for grand opera, and arrangements are pending for a suitable début next season.

H. S. B.

ARONSON ON HAVANA.

Rudolph Aronson, manager of the Bijou Theatre, who left this city for Havana about twelve days ago for the purpose of looking over the ground of the Cuban capital as a field for American theatrical enterprises, returned to New York last week, thoroughly satisfied with the outcome of his trip. During Mr. Aronson's stay in Havana he secured options on the two principal theatres in the city, and also on three parcels of land. If either of the theatres can be reconstructed so as to admit of a roof garden, a lease for a long term of years will be made with the owners.

Mr. Aronson's idea is to present for the first season Italian and French grand opera and opera comique, and the following seasons a series of revivals of the most popular operettas presented at the Casino during his management. The series will include such operas as "Erminie," "Nanon," "Poor Jonathan," "Nadja," "The Beggar Student," "La Grande Duchesse," "The Gypsy Baron" and "The Brigands," with a competent cast, a chorus of sixty, and elaborate scenery, costumes and accessories.

Regarding the roof garden which he intends to establish, and which the residents of Havana are anxious for, Mr. Aronson said the city is a splendid place for one, owing to the evenness of the temperature. From April to November the months are admirable for the purpose, he said. Mr. Aronson was much impressed with the city, and with a first-class hotel, a theatre under American management, better railroad and steamship facilities, Havana, he thinks, in a short time should become the Riviera of America.

Lilly Post Dead.—The unfortunate comic opera singer, Lilly Post, who became demented last week in San Francisco, died on April 5. She had been the prima donna of many leading American operatic organizations.

Damrosch Recital.—Great interest is being manifested in the morning recital of Mr. Walter Damrosch's compositions, to be given April 21, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. The soloists are to be Miss Gertrude May Stein, Mr. David Bispham, Mr. Mannes, and a chorus of singers selected from the Musical Art Society.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

The last concerts this season by the Philharmonic Society took place at Carnegie Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of last week. There were fairly large and very enthusiastic audiences.

These concerts might well be named after Paur, for they resolve themselves practically into a display of that brilliant conductor's individual accomplishments.

One no longer goes to hear the Philharmonic Society, but to discover what Paur can do with this symphony and that overture. It is as much a recital as are the affairs by Sauer, and Rosenthal, and Carreño, in which the player counts for more than the programme.

Beethoven's eighth symphony was read with all the energy and spirit which always dominate Mr. Paur's work, but there was lack neither of reverence nor artistic balance.

In Wotan's Farewell and the Magic Fire Scene, from "Die Walküre," sung by Meynheer Van Rooy, Mr. Paur was on his best orchestral behavior, for he knew that comparisons with the work of Schalk, of the Metropolitan Opera House, would be unavoidable.

Mr. Paur more than held his own, however, and sent most of us off into musings about "what might have been" this season at our yellow opera house. It is not true to say that Seidl's successor has not been found.

Meynheer Van Rooy sang as if inspired (he generally does), and aroused demonstrative and lasting enthusiasm.

Mme. Carreño, the third soloist of the occasion, played Grieg's Concerto in a manner that fitted well into the general frame of excellence.

This work, with its rather vague outline and free rhythmic and harmonic treatment is splendidly suited to Mme. Carreño's unconventional style, and her temperament and technic fairly revelled in the brilliant cadenzas and massed octaves and chords.

The lovely slow movement was played with melting tone and refined sentiment.

Few men could build up a more exciting and passionate climax than did Mme. Carreño at the close of the work.

Among female pianists she is *sui generis*.

LEHMANN RECITAL.

Mme. Lilli Lehmann's song-recital at Carnegie Hall last Monday attracted a huge audience that occupied all the available space in the ample hall, and gave an exhibition of enthusiasm seldom seen outside of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The programme contained songs by Schubert, Schumann, Cornelius, Bungert, Brahms, Herman, and Loewe.

Mme. Lehmann's voice is plainly beginning to give out, and were she a lesser artist, she would not have lasted through the recent opera season. Some of her chest tones are mere sounds, without the slightest vibrancy, and the very high notes are accomplished only by dint of very palpable effort. There are vocal mannerisms, too, of a nature which one might expect of a student, but hardly from an experienced artist like Mme. Lehmann.

As an interpreter she ranks as high as ever, and has lost none of her intellectual grasp and dramatic force. However, one can not help but agree with the talkative young lady in the second row, who said: "To my mind 'interpretation' means not only to declaim well, but also to sing well."

After the recital there followed the presentation of the testimonial spoken of in last week's issue of MUSICAL AMERICA. It took the shape of a handsome diamond pendant, and, to the great delight of the many ladies present, Mr. Walter Damrosch undertook to make the presentation speech.

In his characteristic, graceful way, he made some happy remarks regarding Mme. Lehmann's great services to art, her long and successful career, and particularly her share in making known to the New York public the heroines of the Wagner dramas.

Mme. Lehmann thanked the speaker and the donors in German, saying that she regarded America as her second home. She seemed much pleased with the beautiful gift.

Estelle Liebling Sails.—Miss Estelle Liebling, who gave a successful "farewell soirée" last week at the Hotel Majestic, New York, sailed for Europe Wednesday morning, on the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." Miss Liebling will go to Berlin and later to Paris.

Miss Fletcher Abroad.—London music teachers were much impressed by Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher's method of presenting and teaching the rudiments of music. Her demonstrations have been to large and enthusiastic audiences. The Incorporated Associations of Musicians were especially favorable to her ideas.

One on New York.—Mme. Nordica has been making fun of New York's musical critics. To a Boston reporter she said: "I have been waiting all the season for somebody to discover that when we sing the grand duet in 'The Huguenots,' Jean de Reszke takes the high C with me." The local critics have no time for such trifles. They are too busy reviling the public and hunting for operatic gossip.

Milwaukee Music.—The dream of Milwaukee musicians is about to be realized, and a conservatory of music, which will attempt to bring together the musical interests of the city and make it the musical centre it deserves to be, will open for the Fall term in September. The new school will be known as the Wisconsin Conservatory of Music, and Eugene Luening will be the president and musical director, while the business management will be in the hands of Hans Bruening.

Cleveland Convention.—The Fortnightly Club, of Cleveland, O., decided recently to invite the National Federation of Women's Musical Clubs to hold its biennial convention in Cleveland in 1901. The Fortnightly Club, which is the largest women's musical organization in the country, sends two delegates to the first convention of the National Association at St. Louis in May, and these delegates were empowered to present Cleveland's invitation. The convention will bring about seven hundred women from all over the country, and will contemplate a festival programme of music on an elaborate scale.

MUSICAL WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 12, 1899.

EDITOR MUSICAL AMERICA:

It may have escaped notice but the fact is now recognized that the United States Government, through its Congress, encouraged by the President and others of intelligence among secretaries and justices, is ranging itself, and with becoming celerity, on the side of art; becoming, in a way, sponsor to it.

This is apparent when recalling Congressional appropriations for that new and famous temple—the Congressional Library.

To be consistent, the Government must soon recognize music among the arts and foster it in a broader spirit. It is in a minor way doing this now, notably in its recognition of the Marine Band (the "President's Own" should be its proper designation).

John Philip Sousa battled faithfully and well for proper recognition, but was unsuccessful, as was Zimmerman, the Naval Academy's bandmaster—once offered the Marine Band leadership—each of these seeking the grade of lieutenant in the Marine Corps as a proper designation for band director.

Mr. Sautleman, the now bandmaster, has, through the courtesy and recognition of the Government, by its Congress, received this commission, which virtually recognizes music among the arts—officially. Thus the awakening.

Mr. Sautleman, let me say, as an organizer and programme-maker, is one of exceptional discernment. He has made hosts of friends for himself and the band. These new friends are recognizing the present organization as something which the public may claim as its own, and of which they may justly boast. This spirit was noticeable during all out-of-door concerts last season. Sautleman's work interested the public.

The personnel of the band is in accord, and as a unit, with Mr. Sautleman's temperament, and conjointly the major part of their reading is refined and intelligent.

No one has thought of Washington city as a musical centre in the midst of its thousand attractions. No one would insist that any city in this country is a musical centre. Such a locating would be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Presumably New York, by reason of its critics, and wealth and variety of musical entertainment, year by year increasing, has the better claim to such distinction.

This capital has, however, lacking boast and minus bluster, contributed to art many musicians; many who have paved their way through toil channels to ultimate and artistic success, and others are working at home and patiently, until time bids them step into the ranks.

Congress in fostering art lends an under-current assistance to all students. Among Washington artists now abroad, of violinists, are Maud Powell and Leonora Van Stosch, both from Joseph Kaspar's studio.

Homer Lind, baritone, a success with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, in Wagnerian rôles, now concertising in London with Maud Powell, is from the studio of Mrs. Harriet Mills, Washington's most prominent teacher, and mother of Miss Lotta Mills, pianist, now of your city. Miss Mills studied here, afterward with Burmeister, then was with Leschetizky three years in Vienna. Washington holds this young artist in high esteem.

Joseph Finckel, violinist, also from Kaspar, is now studying with Ysaye and has been honored with a desk in this director's orchestra.

Miss Florence Henri King, a young and strikingly handsome woman, also violinist, has just gone to study in your city. Miss King has inherent worth and bountiful possibility. Her tone is marked and warm.

Angelo Fronani, a young pianist, is just now in the eye of all Washington because of rare technic and far-reaching comprehension. He is a thinker and has temperament in abundance. Independent, bold and domineering in spirit, young Fronani may ere long rule in music here. From a German mother and Italian father, Mr. Fronani is of the stuff from which artists spring. Angelo Fronani is from Dr. Anton Glatzner's studio for piano, and Professor William Waldecker for organ.

A recent paragraph in your good paper spoke regretfully of the lack of good tenors here, and this in the eye of the multitude of teachers. Well, there are many teachers here, but really none care to turn out tenors to order. There are many good tenor singers here, in fact, and I believe Washington is abreast of other cities—population considered. One or two disgruntled tenors may, however, make much complaint on dyspeptic days, looking through pessimistic glasses, the while. In my opinion, Washington has a just proportion of good singers and eminent teachers.

SAMUEL G. YOUNG.

Mendelssohn's Pay.—An interesting note comes from England. According to the original agreement between Mendelssohn and Novello, the music publisher, the composer was to have 62½ cents for every copy of Book I of the now familiar "Songs Without Words." Forty-eight copies were sold in the first ten months, 114 in four years.

Philharmonic Not Wanted.—The New York Philharmonic Orchestra is not wanted in Bridgeport, Conn., according to a clipping from a paper in that city. It seems there is quite a musical public in Bridgeport; but they seem disinclined to support the concert contemplated there by the Philharmonic. Bad news travels fast.

Kansas City Concerts.—So great has been the success of the concerts which have been held in Convention Hall, that the directors are now working on a proposition for giving a series of band concerts, which shall be popular ones in every sense of the word. The great attendance at the gift concert, held in January, and at the recent Sousa concerts, proves that there are many thousands of people in and around Kansas City who are willing to patronize such entertainments if the price be a reasonable one.

A BUSY BASSO.

Dr. Carl E. Dufft, one of our best and busiest American bassos, has had a particularly successful season, his engagements extending throughout the country, and including the concerts of many of the most representative musical organizations.

Dr. Dufft's present fame is not the result of one or two seasons of endeavor; he has been before the public for years, and his excellent work was recognized and applauded years ago. He is one of those mature, intelligent artists whose accomplishments ripen and mellow from season to season; one of those tireless workers who seem to know no limit in improvement.



DR. CARL DUFFT.

This point is best illustrated by a glance at some of his engagements. He sang at Worcester for seven years, consecutively, a record that no other singer has ever attained. He has sung with the Apollo Club, Chicago, for three years, consecutively, and during the past season at the Chickering Madrigals and the Old Guard musicales, New York; in Bridgeport, Scranton, Cleveland, Oberlin, Rochester, Montclair, Dover and numerous other important cities. Dr. Dufft will know no rest until early Summer, for he is engaged for numerous large May festivals.

We could reprint columns of Dr. Dufft's countless flattering newspaper notices, but he needs no such cheap advertising. He is one of the few who can stand solely on his splendid record.

MUSICAL PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 10, 1899.

The permanent orchestra scheme is rapidly piling up a large subscription list, and the committee on promotion announces a certainty of ultimate success. This is as it should be, and if the guarantee fund is created in time for the conductor and musicians to be engaged during the summer, we will have a series of at least twenty evening and afternoon concerts during the season.

The opera scheme for next year is as yet undecided. Charles A. Ellis has intimated his intention of giving a series of performances without the support, by way of guarantee, which he had for the past season, but at slightly increased prices. This announcement, however, has not as yet reached the public.

The Symphony Concerts, twenty in number, which were given at Musical Fund Hall, ended last Friday in a Wagner programme. These twenty were under the direction and personal control of Henry Gordon Thunder, one of the city's principal organists. He also attempts giving vocal lessons. His principal, if not his only, success is as an organist, and in that field of music he takes a high place. The results of his vocal instruction do not reflect much credit, and the fact that his orchestral concerts have met with a greater loss than his guarantee list provides for, carries its own expression of success. He already announces a similar series of symphony concerts for next year, if the permanent orchestra does not materialize.

Spinelli's opera, "A Basso Porto," had a partial concert hearing in Witherspoon Hall on the 2d. Selma Kronold, who sang the part of Maria in Germany, made a great success in the music here. The music was written before Puccini's "La Bohème," and evidence of inspiration, if nothing more, is constantly apparent in the latter work. In fact, the music of "La Bohème" can be divided between "A Basso Porto" and Svendsen's Octet, and both antedated it. Nicholas Douty and Emma Osbourne also took part in the same concert, "In a Persian Garden," Liza Lehmann, being the last contribution on the programme. The work of each was characterized with that artistic thoroughness about which I have heretofore written you. The others taking part in both works were Agnes Thomson and the subscriber.

The baritone score of "A Basso Porto" is one in which a dramatic voice may revel. The principal aria is one which surpasses the popular Pagliacci prologue in musical worth, but the tessitura of the score must of necessity

confine it within the repertoire of the few. The tenor has a beautiful Neapolitan serenade, and the dramatic soprano a prayer that will quickly gain popular favor. The duet for soprano and baritone will find the same unreasonable favor as Rossini's "Cujus Animam." The music and the text are about equally divorced in each; but, then, what has the public to do with the text, if the melody tickle the ear?

We now begin a splendid series of events for the season's wind-up, with Carreño and Joseffy this week.

THOMSON.

Washington Concert.—One of the most enjoyable concerts recently given in Washington, D. C., was arranged by Mr. Ernest Lent, the popular violoncellist, who has a large number of influential acquaintances. He was ably assisted by Mr. E. Wad, pianist; Mr. Van Huylsten, violinist; Mr. Andrian Freni, baritone, and Mr. Henry Xander, accompanist.

Something About Rice.—Mr. Chas. Rice, the tenor, who scored such a success at the recent Norwich Festival, was at once engaged for the last concert of the Binghamton Choral Club. "St. Paul" was the work given in this concert, which took place March 14, and Mr. Rice again made a very favorable impression. He has been booked for several other important events later this Spring.

Pittsfield Concert.—Pittsfield, Mass., has had quite a remarkable musical season all by itself. It not only supports well the concerts of its own orchestra and societies, but also encourages the visits of neighboring musical organizations. Recently the Chaminade Club, of North Adams, gave a successful concert before a Pittsfield audience. A singer from the latter city, Miss Mabel Estelle Chapin is one of the accomplished quartet.



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SOME MORE CONSTRUCTIVE IDEAS—THE MUSICAL PORTION OF A CHURCH SERVICE.

What constitutes a suitable musical portion of a modern church service?

In our estimation the following may be termed essentials in any non-liturgical denomination:

1. An instrumental Prelude.
2. A simple call to worship.
3. A congregational hymn, tune or tunes.
4. An anthem.
5. A solo (duet, trio, quartet) number.
6. An instrumental Postlude.

The second, fourth and fifth items will perforce be omitted where no choir exists.

Let us examine these requirements a little.

Have you never, dear reader, entered a church which impressed you at once as being a fit building for the purposes of worship; and having settled yourself to the enjoyment of its restful atmosphere, have you never been shocked by a crash from a "full organ," that marked the beginning of a brilliant, but secularly suggestive composition? Have you not heard this followed by an unintelligible (so far as the text is concerned) choral composition which seemed merely a medium for the display of the technical facility of the performers? Has the minister not gravely suggested thereafter that we begin this service by singing hymn number "so and so"? And when the sermon is reached, have you not felt that its theme was utterly at variance with the joyous character of the music which has preceded it? If so, you will sympathize with our first prescription, i. e., that all the musical portion of a service preceding a sermon should be made tributary, in some way, to its plane of thought.

We have previously suggested that the co-operation of the preacher is necessary to the proper preparation of any æsthetic musical contribution to a service—but it is possible, when that seems unattainable, to so construct the plan as to at least avoid jars—by using such texts as shall contain direct reference to the morning adoration or evening reflection of a devout poet. You can often obtain a hint of the intended line of thought of the sermon, Mr. Choirmaster, by requesting the hymns to be used in advance for the choir's practice. The minister will see the force of this argument much more readily than that of furnishing you with his "sermon heads" in advance, and in making this concession will form a habit (which is as essential to his success as to yours, if he but realized it) of advance preparation.

In any event, a service "Prelude" should never begin with a climax. Be the occasion never so joyful, one can be found beginning with a phrase susceptible of crescendo treatment. There is nothing so demoralizing to a church goer's mental equilibrium, in the writer's estimation, as to hear an organ's fullest power used to announce the opening of a service. Do people talk during your Prelude? Then learn to command their attention by a logically planned climax. You will soon find them in a receptive mood. It is a pity that this feature of a church service could not be made the second number of the service, letting the call to worship form the starting point thereof.

The American Guild of Organists have set a beautiful illustration before us in their ritual, which is, we are informed, fast winning friends among the non-ritualistic churches.

We have denominated our second item "a call to worship," as being the most suggestive designation to express our meaning. Had we used the term "Processional," many of the laymen would have immediately objected. In fact, where there is no procession, the term is anomalous and should strictly be avoided. But the people should be called to worship (ordered we had almost said, for, alas, in some churches that is really its office) by the choir, where one exists, and for this purpose simplicity and intelligibility should be the chief desiderata of the work used. Where our ideal relation exists between pulpit and choir this will as a matter of course be made the keystone of the whole musical superstructure.

Having, then, silenced our auditors (if we have unfortunately not interested them), let their portion of the service receive due consideration. But object strenuously to the first hymn being announced by the pastor, as is the case in so many places, in this wise: "We will now open the service by singing hymn so and so." The hymns should never fail of being allied to suitable tunes. By suitable we mean such as follow closely the rhythm, as well as content of the poem. There are, to be sure, trite and meaningless hymns, but no choirmaster is worthy of the title who will not battle for their fullest musical expression. Herein you may win the co-operation of the most stubborn pulpiteer. Also, if you but realize it, to this fitness of association may be attributed the success of such tunes as are almost universally allied to the hymns, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," or "Sun of My Soul." Try to imagine, for instance, the effect of using the latter to the tune adapted from Spohr's "As Pants the Hart," you would get this result:

"Sun OF My SOUL"

Whereas, the time-honored tune, "Hursley," results in the proper inflection of:

"SUN of My SOUL"

And a little study of the subject will show you how often the compilers of our popular hymnals have neglected the importance of this matter. The danger occurs chiefly

where, as is generally the case, two or three hymns are assigned to each tune. Another item of suitability must be melodic interest. Nine-tenths of our congregation would sing the hymns if the tunes were always so pitched as to admit of unison singing. Test it and see! It would not be a bad idea for any man to insist on his choir's singing all the hymns in unison, for a short time, at least. This would necessitate some exercise in transposition on his part, but that is a trivial matter for a thoroughbred.

Having devoted, as is meet, the greater portion of our space to interesting and engaging the congregation, let us hasten to consider briefly the remaining items of our scheme.

The anthem and solo portions (be they for single voice or more) are worthless if we cannot get the texts thereof in some way before the public. To this end we would suggest, if it be inexpedient to have them specially printed for each occasion, that they be read by the pastor, or some competent layman of his appointing, before the performance, or else confined to such words as are to be found in the Bible and the hymnal. Every member of the congregation would promptly equip him or her self with personal copies of these two books, if this plan were adopted. A bulletin board at the entrance to the church would do the rest, or we are much mistaken.

As to the Postlude, any one who has followed us thus far will need no enlightenment regarding its office and possibilities.

The purely "musical service" will command our attention at a future time. Meanwhile, if we may have offered some helpful and timely suggestions to the victims of the musical charlatans occupying some of our best fields of work, or to some seeker after the ideal, we shall be more than satisfied.

VOX ORGANI.

ASCHENBRÖDEL MATINÉE.

All lovers of chamber music, and particularly those who have learned to admire the works of that modern giant, Brahms, must be thankful to the Aschenbrödel Society for its noble offering of last Sunday afternoon. The second matinée programme was devoted entirely to compositions by Brahms, and was listened to by a large and enthusiastic audience. That the enthusiasm of this audience was infinitely greater than its intelligence was only too manifest; for, during the progress of the slow movement of the Trio, the greater portion of the audience committed one of those fatal errors common to unmusical people, in mistaking the reposeful termination of a phrase for the conclusion of the entire movement, vociferously applauding the performers, and causing them no slight degree of annoyance.

For some reason, which I was unable to ascertain, the numbers played were at variance with the printed programme. If any announcement regarding the change was made, I did not hear it. At any rate, Miss Geraldine Morgan and Mr. Emil Paur substituted the G major sonata for the originally intended quintet in B minor, op. 115. The sonata is as thoughtfully characteristic of Brahms as the most ardent worshipper of the great master could possibly wish for. Glorious in idea, masterly in construction, it goes straight to the heart and the intellect of all those to whom the profound and philosophical works of a master mind can appeal. Intricate though it be from a rhytmical point of view, vaguely, delicately suggestive, rather than freely communicative in its varying moods, gentleness as well as great depth of sincerity are revealed from beginning to end. It is the music of both the present and the future; for, while it ascends to the loftiest intellectual heights, it breathes the warmest sympathy and tenderness, and vibrates the very best chords in one's emotional nature.

On the whole, the sonata was given a very enjoyable reading. Mr. Paur's fine musical intelligence, and Miss Morgan's conscientious work (the latter frequently marred, unfortunately, by defective technique), resulted in a performance plainly satisfactory to the eager audience.

In the three songs that followed, Mr. Hugo Heinz did not succeed in giving his auditors uncommon pleasure. Perhaps this was as much the fault of his selections as of his singing; for such refined musical thought as these songs contain is hardly appreciable by the masses. Mr. Heinz pleased me best in "Wie bist Du, meine Königin;" though his encore (the inevitable burden even at a musical society's concert!) roused the audience to a hearty exhibition of pleasure.

The B major trio, for piano, violin and violoncello, took the place of the trio for piano, violin and horn, announced on the programme. Like the sonata, it is a work which gladdens the heart of every music-lover of Brahmsian tendencies. Mr. Paur, Miss Morgan and Mr. Paul Morgan played the work in an effective manner, but it lacked fine ensemble and technical finish.

GEORGE LEHMANN.

Minneapolis and Melba.—The Ellis Opera Company was booked to appear in Minneapolis, April 13, 14 and 15. There was an encouraging advance sale.

New Paris Composer.—M. Léon Delafosse lately concluded in Paris a series of three concerts, in the first and last of which he had the co-operation of M. Colonne's orchestra. He appeared in the double capacity of pianist and composer, and his concerto, first heard in Paris at a recent Colonne concert, was repeated with equal success. It is an interesting composition. A set of delicate songs to words by the Comte Robert de Montesquieu, and quaintly entitled "Quintette de Fleurs," were charmingly sung by M. Clément, and M. Delafosse gave a brilliant reading of a concerto by Liszt.

Wise "World."—The New York "Herald" has now a rival in its capacity as champion misreporter of musical news. The "World" went out of its way last Sunday to make the following remarkable statement: "Little Paloma Schramm, a nine-year-old 'cellist, is to give a concert at Mendelssohn Hall on Tuesday afternoon, April 11. She is to play a programme comprising 'cello arrangements of pieces by Mozart, Daquin, Rubinstein, Chopin, Schumann and Leschetitsky." This does not speak well for the music-man of Mr. Pulitzer's sheet, who should have been aware that the Schramm child is one of the most marvel-

ous piano prodigies that ever lived, and has been appearing publicly in the far West and Mexico, for two or three years.

Hint to Composers.—The production of Dudley Buck's musical setting to Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," at the Academy of Music, New York, last Wednesday, emphasizes the fact that composers have not yet arranged music for Webster's Dictionary, Darwin's "Descent of Man," Humboldt's "Cosmos" and the New York City Directory.

Adams Keeps It Up.—Of the recent "Faust" production in Boston, the critic of the "Advertiser" said: "Mme. Adams looks and acts the ingénue in the scene with Faust immensely well. She wears the braids of the peasant girl as Mme. Eames did not, and she has a grace, shyness and primness that are fascinating. She was in fine voice, and the three recalls given after the jewel song and the duet with Faust at the end of the third act were well-deserved tributes to the freshness of the singing and the accuracy and feeling as well."

Ungallant Boston.—The critic of the Boston "Journal" takes a shy at Mme. Eames in this amusing fashion: "Have you observed the gracious condescension shown by Mme. Eames in allowing the other singers—in ensemble—to enjoy applause? When the cheers are for another, Emma feels no jealous pang. She takes the hand of the singer and leads her to the footlights, as though she were introducing her to the audience. She keeps herself well in front of the other, and bows and smiles, and smiles and bows, pleased, oh, so pleased, at the enthusiasm over a colleague!"

That Philadelphia Orchestra.—The fund for the permanent Philadelphia Orchestra is steadily growing, and the committee in charge of subscriptions feel greatly encouraged. The amounts received vary in size from \$50 to \$1,000 and over, and, fortunately, quite a number of the subscriptions received contain the four figures. But the sum to be raised by these ladies is a very large one, and they will require very general co-operation, unless they should be fortunate enough to discover some unsuspected Colonel Higgenson in their midst. The committee feel confident, however, of ultimate success.



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DEAR MUSICAL AMERICA:

A gentleman, who is well posted in musical and piano trade affairs, informs me that I was in error when I stated that Mr. Paur had refused to play the Knabe piano, as a soloist, at his last Symphony concert as had been arranged, because he had made a contract with Mr. Otto Wissner, of Brooklyn, for a short season later. It seems that the objection to Mr. Paur's playing the Knabe piano came from Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co., who were led to believe that Mr. Wissner intended using the fact that Mr. Paur was to play on one of his grands, in a way that would have been detrimental to their interests.

While Messrs. Knabe & Co. were perfectly willing, after they had supported Mr. Paur through his season of Sunday and Symphony concerts, to have him go on a short tour with Mr. Wissner and earn the \$3,000 which were promised him, they were not willing to have their piano and name used to "boom" a competitor.

I have heard that when Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co. gave Mr. Paur this ultimatum, that he met it by a refusal to give his last concert, but was induced, on account of the money the musicians would have lost, to reconsider his determination. Then it was that, through the influence of a certain notorious musical paper, he put up such mediocrities as Mme. Jacoby and Organist Carl, to replace himself as a soloist.

The matter has no interest for the public, except as showing the friction between piano manufacturers which might seem puerile to those unacquainted with the experiences of our leading houses, who have to guard their prestige in every possible way.

No prima donna or leading tenor is more jealous of reputation and standing than a first-class piano house, and this attitude has been forced upon it by the many efforts made to trade upon its reputation. Let me add here that Mr. Paur as a soloist on the piano does not shine. His playing is heavy, pedantic and uninteresting.

* * *

Suzanne Adams, in spite of the criticism in the leading dailies, to the effect that she is very amateurish, so far as her acting is concerned, seems to have met pronounced success in Boston with the Grau Opera Company. At the last Sunday night concert in Boston, she appeared with her husband, Leo Stern, the famous 'cellist, when both were enthusiastically received and encored. Last week the young married couple gave a concert at Cambridge, to a house, every seat of which had been sold long in advance. Mme. Adams will sail with her husband on the 26th to join the Grau Opera Company in London, but before leaving will sing at a concert in Buffalo. Early in May she is booked to sing Nedda in "Pagliacci," before the Queen of England, with whom her husband is a very great favorite.

* * *

Maurice Grau, with commendable good sense, has stopped the grand jamboree which Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, of the "Tribune," was getting up to commemorate the close of the most successful opera season which we have had here for a great many years.

This will be a very hard blow to Krehbiel, who looked forward to this blow-out as the climax of his season's eating and drinking.

How great a sorrow this will be to Mr. Krehbiel will only be understood by those who know that he would always rather eat than work.

The proposition to have the artists and critics meet together at a big supper at the end of which the artists were to be carried in ambulances to the steamers, while the critics were to be carried in ambulances to their various domiciles, was a scheme which could only have emanated from the brain of such a viveur as Mr. Krehbiel.

It was ridiculous on the face of it.

Had a few personal friends desired to entertain Mr. Grau, in an informal way, Mr. Grau, no doubt, would have made it convenient to be present and would have much appreciated the honor, but to use him as an advertisement for the "Tribune," or any other paper, was something for which Mr. Grau is altogether too shrewd.

Jean De Reszke, who hates big suppers, will no doubt, be glad that he got out of the mess through Mr. Grau's refusal, as will the other gentlemen, including Mr. Lauterbach, the lawyer and politician, who were roped into the scheme by Mr. Krehbiel.

You will remember that when Krehbiel first announced this grand feast, he devoted to it three-quarters of a column of the "Tribune," which so exhausted his strength that he was unable to write a proper criticism on Mancinelli's new opera, "Ero e Leandro."

To a man of Mr. Krehbiel's taste, the prospect of a long series of birds and cold bottles, which he was to consume while surrounded by the prime donne and ballet of the opera, was naturally of far more consequence than any music our poor dear Mancinelli could write.

We all, therefore, owe a double amount of gratitude to Grau. He has not only given us a fine season of opera in New York and delivered her from the opprobrium that she would not support such an enterprise properly, but he has also squelched Krehbiel's effort to immortalize himself by a feast which was to have put the Sherry dinner, with all its fixings, far into the shade.

* * *

I am glad to see that Mme. Cappiani, the distinguished teacher and artist, has announced that she will not retire, as she had expected to do and go to Europe for good. She will simply go abroad for her usual vacation in July, and will return to us again in October.

This glorious woman is still in her prime and has just reached that period where her large experience enables her to be of greater service than ever to her pupils and to those who would seek her judgment to further them in their careers.

An artist may lag superfluous on the stage, and outwear the patience of the public, but with a teacher it is entirely different. The older, the greater the experience, the greater the capacity for good work, especially in such a case as that of Mme. Cappiani who is still in the full vigor of her health and has before her, let me hope, many years of usefulness in her profession.

* * *

The contest between Mr. Victor Herbert, the popular conductor, 'cellist and composer, and the Musical Mutual Protective Union, may cause the organization of an independent body of instrumentalists in New York.

There is much to be said on both sides of this quarrel.

The Musical Union which was very properly started to protect the interests of our instrumentalists, takes the ground that its members shall not play under any conductor who owes them for back salaries in any enterprise with which he has been connected.

Mr. Herbert on the other hand, contends that the Union is trying to make him personally responsible for debts which he never incurred. He states that during the time these debts were incurred the enterprise was in the hands of Mr. Mahnken, who for many years represented Theodore Thomas as a manager, and that he was simply engaged by Mr. Mahnken at a salary, just as the members of the band were. This statement, I believe, Mr. Mahnken has substantiated, asserting that whatever moneys are due to the musicians for that particular tour are due by him and not by Mr. Herbert.

On the other hand, the Union contends that Mr. Mahnken was simply a representative of Mr. Herbert's and that Mr. Herbert was the "real" backer and proprietor of the enterprise.

It seems to me that due weight should be given to Mr. Herbert's position, especially as he has through his enterprise thrown a good deal of money into the hands of the musicians under his direction.

* * *

The light opera stage is at the present moment undergoing a convulsion, owing to an internecine war which has been declared between the two prime donne, Edna Wallace Hopper and Miss Lillian Russell.

The cause of the war is said to have been the action of the Pennsylvania University students at a recent performance of the Russell-Hopper Company, at which Miss Russell was badly treated, while Miss Hopper was received with enthusiasm.

A critic of one of the dailies takes the opportunity to assert that during this season Miss Russell has stood for dignity, while Miss Edna Wallace Hopper has stood for nudity and that, as the students' knowledge of music is not very profound, they preferred the woman who had little voice and less clothes to the woman who had more clothes as well as more voice.

All the newspapers have, of course, the silly season being at hand, taken the matter up with gusto and interviewed the two ladies. These interviews now vie in interest with the proceedings of the committee from Albany to investigate Mr. Croker and the police, the latest news from the Philippines and the last bulletin from Mr. Choate as regards his recent attack of the grip.

Miss Russell asserts that she has no possible reason to be jealous of Edna Wallace Hopper, to which Miss Edna Wallace Hopper retorts, by observing that Miss Russell does not belong to the same epoch that she does.

This cruel reference to Miss Russell's age would have produced a duel in Paris between the ladies; here it will only produce a laugh, which is about all it deserves.

JOHN C. FREUND.

A CRITIC ON CRITICISM.

MONTREAL, April 10, 1899.

EDITOR MUSICAL AMERICA:

I have read your last three issues carefully, and found two articles that specially attracted my attention.

In your last issue, your able correspondent from Boston, Mr. Davenport, searches for the true light as regards the criticism on Hugo Heinz.

He contrasts the statement of Ben Woolf that Mr. Heinz is an excellent singer, with that of Mr. Apthorp, who says that Mr. Heinz cannot sing at all.

To me they are both right.

Apthorp criticises Heinz from a musical standpoint only, while Woolf criticises him from a "Musical Courier" standpoint.

When Hugo Heinz landed on this side he is said to have "coughed up" three hundred dollars to the "Courier." Ben Woolf, who is the correspondent of that paper in Boston, must, therefore, say that he is a first-class singer.

The next article I noticed was one in the issue of March 25, in which Mr. Lehman lets off Fannie Edgar Thomas somewhat easily apropos of her suggestions concerning the violin bridge.

When I read Miss Thomas' article in the "Courier" I thought at the time that she did not know what she was writing about.

Fannie is all right so long as she does not attempt to write criticism; but when she does, she always falls through, because she is absolutely no musician.

If she must make a suggestion about a bridge, let her take up the Brooklyn Bridge and not the violin bridge.

She referred her argument to Ysaye, I believe, touching the G string.

I have heard him play as many times as Fannie has, and I never heard him touch the G string, unless the composition called for it.

Yours truly,

CANUCK.

WILL NOT BECOME A MANAGER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 8, 1899.

DEAR MR. FREUND:

Your paragraph in last week's MUSICAL AMERICA, which gives me the title, "A New Impresario," was very kind in its intent, but very misleading in fact, for I have neither the desire nor intention of becoming a manager. I brought Emil Sauer here in a recital and succeeded in attracting a very large audience for him, and I am now bringing a performance of "Tristan and Isolde" by the Metropolitan Opera Company, with the cast you named. This event will also attract an extremely large audience. I have been prompted to undertake these two tasks simply for the purpose of illustrating the fact that Philadelphia is a musical city and will patronize art on all occasions. Every city has its peculiar idiosyncrasies, and those of this city are not generally appreciated by musical managers or managers of musical affairs. Proceeding along conservative, but emphatic lines, any manager who will seek to interest the Philadelphia public and fulfill every promise that he makes, can easily achieve as great a financial success as elsewhere, excepting, possibly, New York. Having illustrated this point by the concert of Sauer and the operatic performance of "Tristan and Isolde," I have no intention of proceeding further in managerial affairs. I am far too busy with my own little matters.

JAMES FITCH THOMSON.

Grau in Baltimore.—Mr. Grau opened his season in Baltimore, Monday night, with a fine performance of "Lohengrin." The wealth and fashion of Baltimore were represented in the large audience. It was said that the gross receipts were close to \$10,000. The cast comprised M. Jean De Reszke, Mme. Nordica, Mme. Schumann-Heink, M. Edouard de Reszke, and Mr. Bispham.

Æolian Recital.—The latest regular Saturday recital held in the hall of the Æolian Co., No. 18 West Twenty-third street, New York, was one of the best of the series. Nahon Franko played violin solos, and there were interesting numbers performed by the Æolian Orchestrelle, the Æolian Pipe-organ, the Pianola, and the Æolian Grand. These remarkable inventions could give an entire symphony concert by themselves, including orchestral selections, and a piano concerto, or a vocal aria, accompanied by any of the instruments. The technic of the Pianola is causing Rosenthal sleepless nights.

Murio-Celli Musicale.—At their handsome residence, on Irving place, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Murio-Celli D'Elpeux gave a "Soirée Musicale" on March 21, with the assistance of some of their famous pupils: Mme. Marie Engle, of the Metropolitan Opera House; Miss Eleanore Broadfoot, late of the De Vere Opera Company; Miss Anna Russell, mezzo-soprano of the Campanini, Aramburo and De Vere companies; Miss Mary Helen Howe, of the Herman Grau, and International companies; Miss Alice Herbert, dramatic soprano; Mrs. A. W. Hoffmann, soprano; Miss Beatrice Roderick, contralto, and Mr. George W. Head, Jr., basso. The soirée was a decided success, musically and socially, many well-known and fashionable persons being in the audience. Mme. Murio-Celli was loaded down with flowers, as were her devoted pupils with enthusiastic applause. There was such an unvarying standard of excellence in the musical performances, that detailed comment is superfluous. Each and every number was an artistic treat. Miss Anna Russell read a poem, written in honor of the occasion, Mme. Murio-Celli's birthday. Few teachers inspire such lasting love and interest in their pupils.



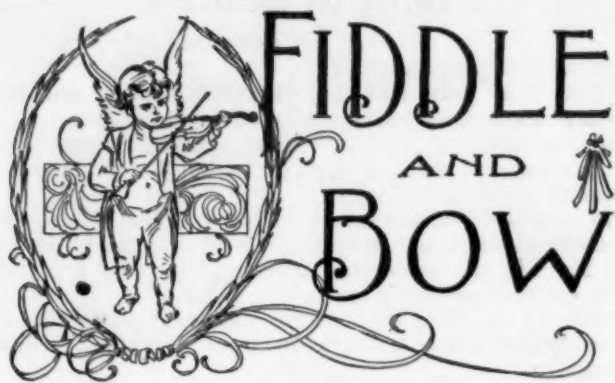
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An anecdote which I have not yet seen in print, and which was retailed with much gusto in Berlin, some years ago, is well worth offering to the readers of *MUSICAL AMERICA*. At a social gathering in Joachim's apartments, the great violinist's younger son was the object of an important personage's particular interest. Music in general (and violin-playing in particular) was, of course, uppermost in the thoughts of the assembled guests; and when it was learned, by the gentleman alluded to, that Joachim's little son had taken up the study of the violin, he said to the boy: "Well, my son, with whom are you studying the violin?" To which the little fellow replied, in the most naively imaginable tone: "I am studying with the same teacher that father takes lessons from." This reply caused no end of astonishment and amusement; but few of the guests learned, at the time, how, and by what process of reasoning, the little fellow arrived at such an extraordinary conclusion.

Joachim laughingly explained the situation as follows: His boy was receiving instructions from Johann Kruse, Joachim's chief assistant at the Hochschule. At that time, Kruse, who was a great favorite of Joachim, and visited the master's house with the regularity of an intimate friend, frequently discussed with Joachim the possibilities of a distinct system of bowing, to be founded on his (Kruse's) peculiar employment of the wrist. One day, as Joachim stood in the attitude of playing, and Kruse was endeavoring to demonstrate his ideas to his old-time master, the younger Joachim burst into the room in quest of some childish amusement; and, seeing Kruse engaged in giving his father certain directions with which he himself had become familiar in his own lessons, he came to the conclusion that his father, also, was studying under Kruse.

I never questioned Joachim concerning this anecdote; but I have good reasons for believing that it was not the mere fabrication of a Berlin wag. And while, in itself, it was an exceedingly amusing incident, it must be of more than passing interest to all those who have heard and read much of the system of bowing now employed at the Hochschule.

Kruse's right-hand technic was most admirable. Both in strength and delicate manipulation, he had developed his wrist to an astonishing degree. His Australian teacher, with whom he studied before he went to Berlin, laid particular stress on wrist work; and, as Kruse himself told me, this teacher (whose name I have forgotten) urged all his pupils to devote much time to the study of staccato bowing. Though Kruse doubtless acquired much of his skill in bowing under the direction of Joachim (in the old days when Joachim gave such matters more personal attention and did not leave them entirely to his assistants), yet he had a peculiar talent in this direction, and was greatly assisted in his development by uncommonly favorable physical conditions.

Kruse's bowing can hardly be said to resemble Joachim's very closely; and that he was unable to give his own pupils material assistance in the acquirement of that skill in which he particularly excelled, was best proven by the fact that, despite his most conscientious and persistent endeavors, his pupils' bowing rarely even resembled his own.

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to an impossibility to achieve unvarying results with varying temperaments and physical conditions, by means of a certain system of bowing which takes no recognition of physical peculiarities. Yet this is what has been, and is being, attempted at the Berlin Hochschule. The system is designed to emancipate the many from the multitudinous ills and woes of bowing; whereas, in reality, it is only fit for the few, and for them, only, it can be productive of good results.

Some time ago I promised to touch upon some of the discomforts and disadvantages of student-life on the Continent. Before making good that promise, I cannot resist dwelling on a serious danger which besets the unsuspecting American student, and, strange to say, in particular, the fiddling student. I refer to the café life of Germany in general, and to that of Berlin in particular.

This fascinating café life often proves the rock on which a talented student's hopes and ambitions are utterly shattered. A great number of Americans do not appreciate its baneful influence until resolutions of reform come too late. At first they slip into a popular establishment merely for a brief rest and some light refreshment. Soon the half hour spent in relaxation and innocent enjoyment lengthens into an hour or two; and, before they can realize it, the national habit has proven stronger than their sense of duty.

The whole afternoon is wasted; the evening, and a greater portion of the night, are devoted to enjoyments no longer innocent and harmless; and after several years of such an existence, these young people return to their disappointed families, ignorant, unhappy, and, frequently, broken in health.

This café life is, in some respects, certainly charming. It seems innocent enough to the unsophisticated stranger; and in its various pleasures nothing, at first, can be discovered to suggest temporary or permanent disablement of mental or moral strength.

Let us take, for instance, the Café Kaiserhof. Where, in any American city, can one spend so agreeable and interesting an hour in a similar establishment? It is the rendezvous for men of letters and science. Here, over a cup of coffee, great painters expound their theories of art, or discuss the merits of their brother-artists. Celebrated composers and instrumentalists greet each other in an atmosphere well calculated to promote genial sympathy and fraternal interest. At every table, almost, sits some peculiar or well-known individual. Every civilized language is spoken, every interesting subject of the day discussed.

From such apparently innocent recreation the student too often glides imperceptibly into actual recklessness and immorality; and only when self-control and the sense of duty are at their lowest ebb, then, and then only, does the student realize that the long avenue which leads to an artist's career is closed to him forever.

GEORGE LEHMANN.

SHAY RECITAL.

Miss Jessie Shay is one of those pianists who are always improving, but after her recital last Friday evening in Knabe Hall, one could hardly help wondering whether further technical and musical development were possible for this extremely gifted little lady.

Her programme embraced Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," Nicodé's "Variations and fugue," Moszkowski's G flat concert-etude, Saint-Saëns' "Allegro Appassionata," and smaller works by Sjögren, Chopin and Moszkowski.

All of these varied numbers were done with uniform intelligence and complete technical command, but the difficult Schumann and Saint-Saëns pieces call for special praise.

The "Etudes Symphoniques" revealed Miss Shay as a pianist of broad style and intellectual resource, a rôle which had little charm for her in the days when she enjoyed the rapid running of her fleet fingers, and the exhilaration of playing with difficulties that turned gray the hair of less limber-knuckled pianists. The Saint-Saëns "Allegro" was taken with a sweep and dash that fairly electrified the audience, and aroused the most pronounced enthusiasm of the evening.

The large audience was unusually friendly, and Miss Shay's every number was rewarded with warm and spontaneous applause. She was compelled to play several encores, winning most success with a pleasing gavotte by Gallico.

Hans Kronold, the 'cellist, assisted with several solos and made quite a hit with a "Berceuse" by Max Liebling, the able accompanist, who was forced to acknowledge the applause together with the player.

ERN MUSICALE.

The Soirée Musicale given last Thursday evening by Mr. Henri Ern, at the home of Baron and Baroness von Taube, No. 671 Madison avenue, New York, presented a very interesting programme, participated in by Miss Estelle Liebling, soprano; Mr. Paolo Gallico, piano; Mr. William T. Rowell, violin; Mr. Henry Hess, viola, and Mr. Arthur Severn, 'cello.

The first number, a quintet for piano, two violins, viola and 'cello, by Adolf Reichel, proved to be a veritable revelation. The work was preceded by a short explanation, delivered by Mr. Leonard Liebling, which contained some interesting remarks regarding the unfamiliar work and its composer. Mr. Liebling called attention to the perfect form of the work, its clarity of construction, and wealth of melody, and compared it to the best productions of our greatest classical composers.

The performance of the quintet justified its eulogy, for there are few great chamber-music works more fresh and spontaneous in invention, more skillful and legitimate in workmanship than this lovely opus by the unknown Swiss composer.

Reichel spent his life in Berne, Switzerland (he died in 1897), and wrote an enormous quantity of music, including more than a dozen chamber-music works, over three hundred songs, scores of choral compositions, a dozen sonatas for piano, and hundreds of shorter pieces for piano, violin, etc. Of this vast collection little has been published, owing to the extreme modesty of the composer. If the other works are on a par with the quintet which Mr. Ern presented, then there is a treasure mine lying unused in the Swiss home of Reichel's widow.

The performance of the work was remarkable chiefly for Mr. Ern's skillful and authoritative handling of the first violin part, and Mr. Gallico's virile and brilliant management of the extremely difficult piano score. This quintet is a severe test of the performer's musicianship.

Miss Estelle Liebling sang a number of songs with rare style and refined taste.

Owing to an injured finger, Mr. Ern was obliged to change his scheduled numbers, but in the substitutions there seemed no evidence that he was not in full possession of his powers. Mr. Ern plays with breadth and finish, his tone being sympathetic and voluminous, his technic encompassing, and his bowing graceful and effective.

Mr. Gallico's suave and polished pianism had ample exposition in Moszkowski's "Barcarolle" and Raff's "Rigaudon."

An indifferent performance of the Haydn quartet ended the interesting programme.

Herbert Hot.—Victor Herbert, who is being persecuted by the Musical Mutual Protective Union of New York, on the ground that he owes some of its members money, declares that he will never pay the salaries for which the directors of the union have decided that he is responsible. The matter is to be brought into court, and Mr. Herbert will claim damages for the union's action in preventing him from following his profession as a conductor. In certain quarters there is a belief that this affair may lead to the organization of an independent body of musicians.

Rochester Society.—The following paragraph, published in a Rochester paper, should interest those female musical societies that spend half their time discussing the social eligibility of new candidates, and the other half in electing new presidents: "A Rochester society of high aim, earnest purpose and industrious labor, and therefore entitled to commendation and encouragement, is the Tuesday Musicale. It is composed of music-loving and, to a considerable extent, of musically educated women, many of its members being good singers or instrumentalists, and all of them being unselfishly devoted to the advancement, cultivation and gratification of musical taste in this community."

Manuscript Concert.—Their last private concert of this season was given Saturday evening by the Manuscript Society, at the rooms of the Transportation Club, New York. As usual, an interesting programme had been arranged, and a large number of well-known professionals were present. The performers of the evening were Miss Effie Stewart, Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, Mlle. Terroux, Mr. Perry Averill, Mr. Batcheller, Mr. Rolf de Brandt-Rantzau, and a string quartet, consisting of Mr. Emil Gramm, Mr. Banck, Mr. Buerger and Mr. Kronold. The composers represented on the programme were Helen C. Crane, Walter O. Wilkinson, Ernest Carter, Arthur Foote, Sumner Salter, Cecile Chaminade, Moriz Moszkowski, Louis R. Dressler, Henry K. Hadley, Carl Dienstbach, and J. Remington Fairlamb.

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"SCHNUCKCHEN."

The Tale of a Pianist's Dog.

What's in a dog? I know what you would answer, dear reader; but you misunderstand me. I make reference to the dog's intrinsic worth, and not to his physiological contents.

In "Cricket on the Hearth," Dickens immortalized Boxer. Jerome K. Jerome did as much for Montmorency—though negatively—by including him in the title of "Three Men in a Boat—to Say Nothing of the Dog." Now that my dog is dead, I shall make at least an effort to obtain for him a title of that posthumous fame to which his eventful career entitles him.

After reading about Montmorency's excellent disposition, his refreshing joviality and his unconquerable propensity for playing practical jokes, I became much interested in dogs, and I decided to buy one.

Accordingly, I hied me to the establishment of a New York retailer of dogs, and asked to be shown some with a keen sense of humor and an unblemished moral record. "Here's a buster," said the dealer. "This is Jerry—used to be a clown-dog in a circus, upsets baskets and chairs, shakes his head when asked if he likes the ladies. No? You want an untrained dog, with an innate sense of humor? Well, let's see. Um! Come here, Mark."

At this summons there approached a bulldog of ferocious mien, who eyed me in a manner calculated to send cold tremors down the spine of even a braver man than myself.

"His full name is Mark Twain," said the man; "we call him that because he is so awful funny." Mark Twain stood glaring at me, a perfect picture of fiendish rage.

"Rather a grim sort of humor," I remarked to the dealer. Then to Mark, facetiously: "Come, doggie; good little doggie." I spoke in a tone meant to be conciliatory, even alluring. I pursed my lips and chirped, as one does to a canary.

In answer to these blandishments, Mark came—and part of my trousers went. After this little display of innocent humor on the part of Mr. Twain, I was fain to agree with his owner that Mark was "awful funny." I was temporarily cured of my ambition to own a dog.

This first incident in my nearer knowledge of dogs left as deep and lasting an impression on my mind as it did on my trousers. For several months I was extremely fastidious in the choice of my canine acquaintances.

At about this time I became mentally deranged, and subject to most absurd hallucinations. I imagined that the spirit of past great musical composers lived again in me, and as a result of this mania, I went abroad and settled in Berlin, where I studied music.

I was in a strange country, among strange people, and suffering from a strange disease. Is it any wonder that I became melancholy? I read and re-read "Three Men in a Boat" (another proof of my disordered condition). Once more I decided to look about me for a four-footed room-mate and companion.

In the courtyard of my dwelling, I had frequently observed a curious animal strolling about inoffensively and passively. I had a vague idea that the animal was a dog, and an interview with the janitor established this fact, also that the dog was his, and that he wished to sell it.

"It is a Dachshund," said he.

I was aware that "hund" is German for dog, but I had never heard the word "Dachs." My adventure with Mark Twain was yet fresh in my memory, and I thought that Dachs might be the name of some German humorist. I hinted as much to the janitor, who assured me that I was mistaken. Further questioning elicited the information that a Dachshund's temper is the very essence of mildness and docility, and its sense of humor unlimited. I bought the Dachshund.

Mr. Schmidt brought him to my room, and told me that his name was "Schnuckchen." He told me this four times, then I made him write it.

When Mr. Schmidt had gone, I mounted a chair, and proceeded to make a distant examination of my purchase. He was about eight inches high, six broad and twenty-six long. At least, so the dimensions appeared to my unduly excited vision. His ears reached nearly to the floor. He was knock-kneed and pigeon-toed—the distinguishing characteristics of his breed—and his eyes, small and deceitful, were encircled by great dark rings, and almost hidden by the puffy cheeks that bespoke anything but a moral character for their possessor. His pate was bald. This last was all-convincing. I had no doubt then that the iniquitous object stolidly seated before the stove was the Don Juan of his tribe.

From my elevated perch I called to him; I even snapped my fingers at him—the chair was very high. The Dachshund blinked at me sarcastically. I grew bolder, and called him by his Christian name. A stare was the response.

"Ah," I cried, "getting haughty, are you? You, who only fifteen minutes ago were a courtyard dog? I'll show you how to keep a civil eye in your head, sirrah. What ho! Mr. Schmidt—Mr. Schmidt."

Schnuckchen sat unmoved. I took off my shoe and threw it at him. It flew wide and struck the looking-glass, then fell to the floor with a tremendous noise—it was a German shoe.

A tear glistened in Schnuckchen's eye. Much moved—for the looking-glass was an expensive one—I jumped down, and embraced my brave little friend. From that moment dated a friendship that lasted ten long months.

Mayhap the reader has wondered at the curious cognomen under the weight of which my dog was compelled to stagger through the four-footed world. I must explain that "Schnuckchen" is an endearing term usually applied to a young wife by her husband, and vice versa. I am not prepared to state whether the hero of this tale received his name from his wife or whether it was given him by the janitor. He knew he was neither a thing of beauty, nor yet designed for purposes of ornamentation. The name mocked him, but he bore it bravely, and he bore it well.

Soon after I had acquired him for better or worse, I discovered that he was musical; more surprising, he was a capable and correct judge of composition.

One of the evils attendant on the study of music is the assimilation of harmony and theory. I was deep in the mysteries of these occult sciences when Schnuckchen came. Though I knew as little about suspensions, inverted chords and modulations as did my dog about bipyramidal duodecahedrons, I composed music with an energy and patience worthy of an infinitely better cause.

When I was so occupied, Schnuckchen desisted from his favorite occupation of chewing my rubber over-shoes, assumed a puzzled expression, came nearer, and listened intently. I generally played my rondos and allegros for him, and he would express his critical opinion by running about the room and barking joyously, or lying down and moaning, as though in pain. We seldom agreed as to the merits of my works, however.

Once I composed a nocturne. I wept as I played it for Schnuckchen. When I finished I looked around to see what he thought of it. There was the impudent rascal actually practising a difficult clog-step.

At times, however, he was greatly affected by my compositions. Then he howled so dismally that I was compelled to stop playing. I have since had reason to suspect that he was not sincerely moved—his grief was too poignant.

Ah! many were the happy days we spent thus in my little Berlin garret. I was busy with my music, he with catching flies, basking in the sunshine, barking, howling, and demolishing my unfortunate over-shoes.

When I strolled about the boulevards at night, when I promenaded Unter den Linden on Sunday, when I spent afternoons at the café playing billiards while my teacher waited for me in vain, when I went to my lessons; in short, at all times Schnuckchen was my faithful and trusted companion. My friends had to accept Schnuckchen as an integral part of myself, or go without my society.

(To be concluded next week.)

LEONARD LIEBLING.

PIANO AND FORTE.

Sauer was thus appraised recently by an Albany paper: "Without the forceful style of Rosenthal, the melodious interpretation of Sieveking or the general fascination of Paderewski, Sauer's playing was a wonderful exhibition, and if the programme had been a little more familiar would have been more enjoyed."

In speaking of a late Carreño recital in Rochester, a local critic wrote this flattering and convenient notice: "Mme. Carreño's powerful individuality as a pianistic poet, which she exhibited in the remaining part of the programme, defies every criticism."

Brooklyn had an opportunity last week of hearing its best pianist, Miss Florence Terrel, in the same programme that she presented at her New York recital. The opinion of the "Eagle's" musical censor, agrees with that of his New York confrères: "The audience was enthusiastic in its applause, but not too much so, considering the splendid work of the artist. One could hardly enter a word of unfavorable criticism, so artistic and technically good was all the playing. The mellowing which comes with years and experience ought to place her in the foremost ranks of piano soloists."

One of the pianistic events of the season took place on Monday afternoon of last week, when Rafael Joseffy, the peerless, gave a recital at the Hyperion, in New Haven. Many New Yorkers were present, and those who know whereof they speak say that the great pianist has lost none of his wondrous charm and finish. Moriz Rosenthal was in the audience, and after the recital he was one of the first to extend cordial congratulations to his brother artist. Joseffy played the same numbers which will comprise the programme of his New York recital: Sonata, Op. 5, Brahms: "Good Night" and "Love's Message," Schubert-Liszt; Ballade No. 4, Mazurka, Chopin; Etude, B flat minor, Henselt; Nocturne, Minuet, Rubinstein; Ballade, B minor, Liszt; Sonata, G major, Tchaikowsky.

Miss Sarah A. Palmer, a talented writer and speaker, will give a series of afternoon lectures, under the auspices

of Mrs. A. K. Virgil, at the Recital Hall of the Virgil Piano School, New York, on April 22, May 6 and 20, and June 3. There will be piano playing by the advanced pupils of the Virgil School. The following interesting subjects have been chosen by Miss Palmer: "What Is Romantic Music and What Will Enable Us to Interpret It Aright?" "Interesting Facts About Scales—Ancient and Modern," "What Is a Symphony, and What Does It Represent as a Musical Creation?" "Our Present Duty as Creators of the Music of the Future."

Sauer will go to the Pacific coast. His San Francisco dates are April 19, 20 and 21. Already there has been an unusually large sale of tickets.

Prof. James M. Tracy, the able head of the piano department of the Denver Conservatory of Music, Denver, Col., has been doing particularly valuable work this season in the field of lecture-recitals. The last of the interesting recitals took place on April 6.

Miss Marie Mildred Marsh, a young Cincinnati pianist, who spent some years in Berlin, made her debut in her native city recently, and received some favorable newspaper notices. The "Commercial Tribune" said: "There is a certain temperament in her work that suggests the moods of Carreño in milder form."

Hobson's Bad Example.—The Burlington "Hawkeye" recently published this indiscreet story: "A local professor was instructing a quartet of girls the other day. The girls had gone over a selection a number of times, and were not doing as well as the professor desired, so as an inducement he told them he would Hobsonize them all if they went through the piece without making a mistake. The girls all made mistakes before they had played half a dozen bars. As Burlington professors are all married men, we refrain from publishing the name."

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MADELINE SCHILLER.



For Publishers' Announcements, see Page 24.

New York, April 15, 1899.

THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS.

Chapter XI.—A Voice from the Dead.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the musical critic of the New York "Tribune," recently exploded in Canada; that is to say, he delivered his over-burdened soul in an after-dinner speech in Toronto, and abused the "Musical Courier," and the musical press generally.

To abuse my esteemed contemporary is not an unusual thing, indeed, it is a performance pretty generally enjoyed by the musical world, but it is scarcely decent for Mr. Krehbiel to indulge in this pastime, seeing that it is not so many years ago that he was glad to be counted among Mr. Blumenberg's intimate friends and to accept money to write for his paper.

It is not to be expected that Mr. Krehbiel would approve of MUSICAL AMERICA, as this paper has persistently taken the ground that he is not in his proper sphere as a musical critic, that his knowledge of music is so limited as to make his large pretensions simply ridiculous.

When a man sets himself up as a teacher in art, especially in a new country, where wholesome guidance is so much needed, it is natural that his qualifications will be very seriously discussed and criticised.

In this clash between Mr. Krehbiel and the musical press it may be well to call in some outside testimony to decide the question as to whether he has been fairly treated by his critics or not.

Some ten to twelve years ago Mr. F. L. Ritter, a musician and writer of unusual ability, was the professor of music at Vassar College. He gave some lectures in New York, which were largely attended, and were most favorably noticed by the press.

Mr. Ritter passed away some years ago.

I have before me a copy of the "American Musician," of April 12, 1890. It contains a statement signed by Mr. Ritter, which bears directly on Mr. Krehbiel's ability as well as on his honesty of purpose as a critic.

Here is the letter as Mr. Ritter wrote it:

Editors "American Musician":

I was greatly astonished to read in your issue of March 22 that Mr. Krehbiel, the musical critic of the "Tribune," had the effrontery to ask Mr. Jackson, the musical critic of the "World," to ignore the course of original lectures which I gave during the past season at Chickering Hall. Mr. Jackson, notwithstanding, noticed all my lectures.

When, last Fall, I decided to give these lectures, under the management of Mr. F. A. Schwab, who had been for a number of years the musical critic of the "Times," and after he had, in the usual way, announced my series of lectures, Mr. Krehbiel sent me the following note, postmarked September 9:

My dear Mr. Ritter:

I regret that the medium which you have chosen for the management of your lectures will make it impossible for me (or any self-respecting man connected with the press) to help along the enterprise as much as I would like to do. When you complete your plans please let me know what they are yourself, and also please save me the humiliation of being addressed by F. A. Schwab. I am surprised that you should even have thought of subjecting the decent (?) part of the New York press to the insult of coming in contact, even by correspondence, with that man.

Sincerely your friend,

H. E. KREHBIEL.

Now, I had not, either by word of mouth or by letter, solicited Mr. Krehbiel's notice, as critic of the "Tribune." His letter, therefore, was a surprise to me. If he felt so friendly toward me, as some of the contents of the above letter would seem to indicate, then the name of the manager of my lectures would have been, indeed, of very subordinate importance.

My manager did not write, neither did he intend to deliver, my lecture.

However, later developments proved—as I already suspected, after thinking over Mr. Krehbiel's gratuitously given advice—that his letter was simply meant as a threat.

A short time after, his proposed course of Wagner lectures began to be industriously talked about in the "Tribune." Mr. Krehbiel, on the point of making his debut in New York as a lecturer on music, apparently began to strain every nerve in order to control the influence of the musical critics of the daily papers in the interest of his own venture, and in order to injure, if possible, the success of my lectures.

Naturally enough, my lectures were not recommended to the public, nor were they subsequently reviewed by the "Tribune." It will, therefore, be seen that Mr. Krehbiel carried out his threat.

Now, had Mr. Krehbiel the least excuse for this contemptible behavior towards me?

No sane man will, for a moment, admit that my determination to lecture under the management of Mr. Schwab (a gentleman who, for reasons unknown to me, and which are also no affair of mine, seems to be obnoxious to Mr. Krehbiel) could be the sole cause of the "Tribune" critic's opposition to me.

Mr. Schwab has managed, and is managing, some of the

first artists and musical organizations that appeared in America, such as Dr. von Bülow, Mr. and Mrs. De Pachmann, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, etc., etc.

Mr. Krehbiel was first introduced to me by Mr. McMartin, the late editor of "Musical Review," who solicited my kindly offices for him, as a beginner here in musical affairs. I certainly extended him afterwards most disinterested kindness. When I learned to know him a little I found that he possessed some elementary knowledge of the rudiments of music, but any one who has seen his commonplace accompaniments to some negro melodies, as published in "Harper's Magazine," will know that he is a mere tyro in music.

I also found that Mr. Krehbiel had read some good books on music, though he had but indifferently digested them.

An illogical pasting together of undigested, heterogeneous matter was still Mr. Krehbiel's defect when I heard him, a few months ago in the suburbs, deliver a lecture, entitled "How to Listen to Music."

Instead of his weak compilation, he ought to have read to his audience the interesting essay which the well-known composer and theorist, Jadassohn, wrote and published some years ago, and which—a strange coincidence, no doubt—is also entitled "How to Listen to Music."

The interlarding of low abuse which Mr. Krehbiel thought necessary on that occasion to heap on the writings of the Rev. Mr. Haweis did not make his desultory and wearisome talk more entertaining or more lucid.

Mr. Haweis, both as a lecturer and writer on musical subjects towers, at any rate, considerably above Mr. Krehbiel.

Thinking Mr. Krehbiel desirous to become a conscientious writer on passing musical topics, I assisted him in many ways. I directed his attention, both in conversation and by correspondence, to works of æsthetic and historical importance, and even lent him from my library rare volumes, of which no second copies are to be found in the country.

The earnestness of all the above facts I can prove by Mr. Krehbiel's own letters, addressed to me when he was in need of my knowledge and my books.

F. L. RITTER.

This correspondence will shed considerable light on the origin of Mr. Krehbiel's great lecture.

It will also give some explanation of Mr. Krehbiel's hostile attitude to MUSICAL AMERICA, as well as give fair minded persons evidence that there was good reason for what I have written about Mr. Krehbiel for some time past.

JOHN C. FREUND.

A PIANO PRODIGY.

Paloma Schramm, a ten-year-old pianist, who has been giving concerts in the far West with remarkable success, was heard in a recital at Mendelssohn Hall last Tuesday.

The little girl played a difficult programme, including some of her own compositions, and improvised on the theme of "God Save the Queen," but in none of her performances did she show qualifications sufficient to justify the rhapsodic eulogies in which the Pacific papers have been indulging for some years past.

Paloma is beyond doubt a talented child, who might become a mature artist if her development continues as it has begun, but she is by no means ripe for public appearances, even as a child-pianist.

The little girl's parents should guard carefully this rare musical gift, for, if they do not, it may vanish as mysteriously as it came.

HALL RECITAL.

On Wednesday afternoon, Miss Marguerite Hall gave an interesting song-recital in Mendelssohn Hall.

The programme contained George Henschel's song-cycle, "Serbisches Liederspiel," songs by Bach, Salvador Rosa, Schubert, Edward German, Bizet and Goring Thomas, two duets (sung by Miss Hall and Herr Meyn) in canon form, by Henschel, and violin pieces, played by Mr. David Mannes. Others who assisted were Mr. McKenzie Gordon, tenor, and Mrs. Seabury Ford, soprano.

Miss Hall is of charming appearance, and she understands well the rare art of infusing much of her personality into her work. Everything she does is tempered with delicate artistic reserve, and most irresistibly fetching delivery. Miss Hall is a pleasant contrast to the many human phonographs in this city that pose as concert singers.

MANUSCRIPT CONCERT.

The second public concert this season of the Manuscript Society took place Tuesday evening at Chickering Hall.

The programme was a little out of the ordinary, containing a composition by an honorary member, Martucci. Previously only the works of the active members of the society have been performed.

The Martucci work, a piano quintet, op. 45, is serious in purpose and well made, but there are many members of the Manuscript Society who have written music as melodious and interesting, even if not as smooth in construction. The Kaltenborn Quartet and Miss Adele Lewing gave the quintet a most satisfactory reading.

A quartet, op. 63, by Carl Müller, of New York, proved to be a more vital and transparent work than that by Martucci. Müller is a splendid musician, and his quartet shows marvelous mastery of form.

There were shorter works by other composers; some shallow piano pieces by Miss Lewing, a very powerful ballad, "The Hostess' Daughter," by Edward B. Felton, well sung by Mr. Van York, and three charming songs by Miss Edna Rosalind Park, interpreted with rare art by Mr. Gwilym Miles.

Eddy Honored.—Mr. Clarence Eddy has received the appointment of official organist for the United States to the Paris Exposition of 1900.

MUSICAL CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, April 9, 1899.

The trials and tribulations of the Saengerfest Board have not come to an end yet, and the members deserve credit for their tenacity and indomitable courage. Undaunted by the most unfavorable concatenation of circumstances which have repeatedly threatened the success of the Saengerfest, they have faithfully continued their work, hampered by a deplorable lack of funds, and discouraged by the unresponsive reserve of the citizens.

The latest trouble is a strike of the carpenters employed by the contractors erecting the festival hall. The strike was ordered by the local carpenters' union because the men were compelled to work ten instead of nine hours a day. It is to be hoped that the matter will soon be settled, for the time within which the building must be completed is very limited.

The music committee, so far, has only engaged the three soloists who names I mentioned last week—Mrs. Josephine Jacoby, Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson and Mr. Oscar Ehrhott. Six more soloists are to be engaged, but the committee has not yet been able to close the contracts. It is so late in the season that first-class artists are no longer available; nearly all of them have made their arrangements several months ago, before the music committee was in a position to enter into negotiations with them.

The collections for the festival fund are still continued. In spite of the fact that the surplus from the funds collected for the Grand Army encampment and for the national convention of American manufacturers, aggregating over \$2,000, have been added to the Saengerfest fund during the past week, over \$10,000 are still needed to cover the probable expenses of the festival. The citizens of Cincinnati have shown very little liberality and public spirit in this matter, and fully deserve the severe criticism which has been bestowed upon them by the newspapers outside of this city.

It has finally been decided to engage the full Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and the Thomas Orchestra for the festival, and at the last general meeting of the board the president and chairman of the music committee were authorized to sign the respective contracts.

The programme committee for the coming convention of the Music Teachers' National Association has given out a partial announcement of the numbers selected for the afternoon concerts during the meeting. Among the numbers selected will be the following: Trio for piano and strings, by Constantine Sternberg; quintet for piano and strings, by E. R. Kroeger; the piano parts in both numbers will be played by the composers; trio for piano and strings, by Hugo Kaun, the piano part of which will be played by Mr. Hans von Schiller. The latter will also play a group of piano solos by American composers.

Among the vocal composers to be represented on the programmes will be Gerrit Smith, George B. Chadwick, Mrs. Beach, E. A. MacDowell, Ethelbert Nevin, Miss Ruthven Lang, Wilson G. Smith, Howard F. Peirce and others. Among the piano composers whose names will appear upon the programmes are Brockway, Dayas, MacDowell, Bruno Oscar Klein, and many others.

ERNEST WELLECK.

Maurel Leaves.—M. Victor Maurel left for Europe last Tuesday morning on the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." Mr. Reinhold Herman, the conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, was also a passenger on the same steamer.

Moyle Pupils.—Mr. Chas. Stephen Jones, a very gifted basso, has been engaged by the Brick Church, Orange, N. J., which boasts of a very fashionable congregation. Mr. H. Geoffrey Humphreys, the tenor, has closed a contract with the M. E. Union Church, on Forty-eighth street, New York. Mr. Moyle's season was arduous, but very successful.

Garcia on Price.—Manuel Garcia, one of the most famous of all singing-masters, who celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday recently in London, wrote in 1877 of Mr. Parson Price, the noted New York vocal instructor: "I can confidently state that Mr. Parson Price's knowledge of the voice, both male and female, and his style of singing entitle him to a high rank among teachers."

People's Concert.—An interesting concert was given by the People's Male Chorus, at Maennerchor Hall, New York, on Tuesday evening. There were two numbers on the programme worthy of special comment. One was the singing of Miss Fannie Hirsch, who easily carried off the main honors of the evening, and the other was a startlingly original composition by Mr. Platon Brounoff, Miss Hirsch's numbers were Schumann's "Widmung," "The Birth of Song," by Lambert, and Schubert's grandiose "The Omnipotence," in which latter she had the assistance of a male chorus of eighty voices. Miss Hirsch sang with rare dramatic effect, using her voluminous organ intelligently and artistically, and was rewarded with tumultuous applause. Mr. Brounoff played on the piano a composition of his own, announced as "In the Russian Village, a symphonic suite for piano, with stereopticon views in nine scenes." The only thing missing to complete the pure realism of the work was a "song and dance" executed by the composer.

Grau Testimonial.—The programme for the testimonial performance to be given in honor of Maurice Grau at the Metropolitan Opera House on Friday evening, April 21, has finally been arranged. The balcony scene of "Romeo et Juliette," to be sung by Mme. Suzanne Adams and M. Saléza, will be followed by the second act of "Tristan and Isolde," with Mmes. Nordica and Brema, and MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke and Bispham. A "musical interlude," in which Mme. Mantelli and MM. Dippel, Van Rooy and Campanari will give concert numbers, will follow. The first scene from the fourth act of "Le Prophète" will then be sung by Mmes. Lehmann and Schumann-Heink. The second act of "Tannhäuser," with Mmes. Fames and MM. Van Dyck, Bispham and Plançon, and the first act of "La Traviata," sung by Mme. Sembrich, M. Salignac and others, will bring the performance to a close.

FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT COSTUMES.

Mr. Grau's Costumer Interviewed.

It is not only the singers at the Metropolitan Opera House who talked entertainingly and instructively for the pressing interviewer. M. E. Castel-Bert, the chief designer and costumer for Mr. Grau, was found not long ago by the young man from the "Sun," seated in his office with no fewer than a hundred water-color plates, designs for new costumes.

"We take care of our costumes, and keep them looking so fresh," he said, in response to a question, "by system, system, system! We have from fifteen to twenty thousand costumes to care for. Do the leading artists have their own costumes? Oh, no. Schumann-Heink hasn't a costume to her name. Not more than twelve or fourteen artists own their costumes. For some operas we supply every costume. In very many operas the soldier and ballet costumes can't possibly be used anywhere else. Take 'Romeo and Juliet'; then there's 'Cavalleria,' 'Tristan und Isolde,' 'Aida,' 'Faust' and 'Lucia.' Don't you remember the Scots in the first act of 'Lucia'? Those costumes can't be used in any other opera known to man. Then the whole lot of costumes in 'Trovatore' is useless for anything else, and 'L'Africaine,' 'Manon,' 'Die Walküre' and 'Götterdämmerung' all require special costumes.

"Soon after one season closes the management decides on the repertoire for the next, and we begin work on the costumes, making new ones and getting the old ones into shape. Seventy-five people are engaged previous to the opening of the season, and are kept busy until the costumes for every opera to be given are completed. Thirty-five are retained to keep them in order, and that many are now upstairs hard at work. There are forty odd dressing rooms, and men and women known as dressers have them in charge. While one act is being performed the dressers lay out the costumes for the next act, and help the performers into them. If the artists or chorus people tear their clothes they are fined, and sometimes quite heavily. The American men are awful. They don't care what happens to the costumes. I never saw anything like it. Some of them must spend all their money in fines. But the women, with a few exceptions, are far more careful, and, as a rule, are nice with their costumes. The artists who own their costumes keep them at their hotels. The dressing-rooms of the prima donnas are too small to hold the costumes of more than one artist at a time. Confidentially, if they were as big as the Opera House itself, I don't think that more than one artist could get her or his costumes into them at a time.

"If anybody thinks it is any easier to please men singers about their costumes than women, or that the men are any less sensitive about their dressing-room and other privileges, let them get rid of that idea at once. Neither the men nor the women, many of them, care about dressing like the people who lived in the period they represent. What they want is to look pretty and handsome. That holds good from the most insignificant chorus girl who is engaged to sing here up. Why, if I listened to all the complaints and criticisms of costumes made by the people of the chorus, do you know we'd never have the costumes for any of the operas ready. Even the supers sometimes complain to me that their costumes are not becoming. This woman wants to wear a puffed sleeve to give her breadth, for a period when a puffed sleeve had never been heard of, and another wants to do her hair high on her head, before hairpins were invented. That's the way it goes."

ANOTHER "HOME, SWEET HOME" STORY.

"Home, Sweet Home," was sung first at the time when the government attempted to harmonize the contending factions in the dispute on the Georgia-Tennessee boundary line. John Howard Payne was accused of inciting the dissatisfied Indians and half-breeds, and was arrested and carried to the council house. An Indian, who committed suicide on the grave of his wife and child, was buried in the presence of a number of men, among whom was Payne. As the body of the Indian was lowered into the grave, Payne hummed to himself the song that has become so famous. Gen. Bishop called the young man to him sternly: "Where did you learn that song?" "I wrote it myself," answered Payne. "Where did you get the tune?" "I composed that also." "Will you give me a copy of it?" "Certainly." "Well," said the old Indian fighter, "appearances may be against you, but a man who can write a song like that is no incendiary, and I am going to set you free."

No Stranger Here.—The Boston "Journal" remarks, complainingly: "The man with the pop-gun 'bravo' at the opera is at first amusing, but after fifteen or twenty minutes he becomes an intolerable nuisance."

FRANK CH. DE RIALP,

Vocal Culture,

Studio: 15 East 16th Street, New York.

MUSIC IN RUSSIA.

The Land of the Knout Coming to the Fore.

Some interesting data are given in regard to the musical conditions in Russia in an article by Eugene E. Simpson in the February number of "Music." There are musical conservatories in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Tiflis, Odessa, Kiev, Haskoff, Samara and Saratov. Even in Irkutsk, the coldest town on the earth, a musical conservatory has been founded within the last two years.

Outside of St. Petersburg and Moscow, which are musical centres, each of these conservatory cities has seasons of ten concerts, with the public rehearsals, making twenty each year, but no symphony orchestra ever travels in Russia, as the distances are so great. Russia has no instrumental folk music, nor is such a thing as a dance orchestra known. The work of the conservatories is very thorough, every pupil being obliged to play the piano for four years, as well as his chosen instrument, and also to complete the entire course in theory and composition. The work occupies nine years. Each pupil may select the professor to teach him the main branch for the first five years. Again, he may select the last master, from the sixth to the ninth year. The conservatories of the whole country are considered departments of the national educational system, as it applies to music, and all are under the guidance of the Imperial Musical Society, whose headquarters are at St. Petersburg.

No organ is allowed in the churches, congregational singing is unknown and no female voices are admitted to the choirs, so that women are denied completely the privilege of worship in song. The old Gregorian music in hymn versions is ordinarily used, and the priests instruct the boys in different villages in singing.

The Russian amateurs in music are kindly looked upon, and home talent is common on social and literary programmes in cities large enough to afford it. More than half a century ago modern Russian musical history began with the enthusiast.

When Rubinstein began to give concerts his audience seldom numbered one hundred. To him is due the present musical Russia, for he created the main interest, and had brains enough to outline the course of future developments.

GERICKE'S DISCIPLINE.

Mr. W. S. B. Matthews, the well-known Chicago teacher and writer, tells an interesting story of the manner in which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is dominated by its leader. He says: "I have heard many anecdotes of Gericke's way of doing business. For example: When the ensemble had reached what seemed very like perfection, the idea of playing in New York was broached, and Mr. Higginson (the Boston rich man and lover of music and his kind, who has financed the Boston Orchestra at his own expense) caused a hall to be engaged and advertisements put out. Such was the interest awakened that the house was sold out a fortnight before the date of playing. The last rehearsal took place in Boston, perhaps on Thursday morning, the New York date being the following Monday. The rehearsal went apparently as usual, the programme being mainly gone through with and corrections being made from time to time. Nothing indicated that Gericke was less pleased than usual. After the close of the rehearsal Mr. Gericke called at the office of Mr. Higginson, and after the customary greetings remarked in his usual quiet voice: 'We will not be able to play in New York on Monday.' Mr. Higginson stared and thought his ears must be playing him false. Gericke repeated the statement, in the same quiet voice. 'But,' exclaimed the financial master, 'we have to play; the house is all sold out, and we have promised.' 'I cannot help that,' said Gericke, 'we cannot play next Monday; we do not play well enough.' Mr. Higginson is said to have drawn a long breath, and to have remembered that the contract with Mr. Gericke provided that he was to be sole judge of the readiness of the orchestra to play outside Boston. Accordingly he recalled the advertisements, paid back the money for tickets, paid the hall rent, etc. The following year, when the season was well under way, Mr. Gericke came to Mr. Higginson's office, one day after rehearsal, and remarked, quietly, as before: 'We are ready now to play in New York.' The concert was duly announced, sold out and given. The result was a great triumph, and at one bound the Boston Orchestra established itself as the leading orchestral body of this country."

No Coon Songs?—According to a statement recently made, German music publishers had a busy time in 1897. In the course of that year they issued 7,231 compositions for various instruments, 4,659 vocal works, and 384 volumes of musical literature. Of the instrumental pieces, no fewer than 2,547 were for the pianoforte; there were 520 for orchestra, and 555 for the mandolin. The organ came last, with 148 compositions. Songs and male-voice choruses formed the bulk of the vocal works.

SOME CONTRALTOS.

W. J. Henderson, in the N. Y. "Times."

Over in Paris there is living in quiet retirement—a retirement enforced by a monstrous taking on of flesh—a contralto who was once regarded as little short of wonderful. She is entered in the musical dictionaries as the most celebrated contralto of the nineteenth century. Her name is Marietta Alboni, and she was born in 1824. In the Spring of 1847 she made her first appearance at Covent Garden, and so great was her success that the manager spontaneously raised her salary from £500 to £2,000 for the season.

Mme. Alboni was a woman of imposing appearance, even in her early days, and her voice, according to the accounts, must have been a grand one. It was a pure, deep, rich contralto, with a range of two octaves, from G to G. It is said that her style was that of the old Italian school in its noblest days. She is said, however, to have sung with a certain amount of indolence and a lack of fire, yet she always succeeded in stirring her hearers to great enthusiasm.

There have been other notable contralto singers, but they have been scarce. In fact, true and beautiful contralto voices are quite as rare as fine tenors.

This public recalls with the greatest favor Annie Louise Carey, who is still living in this city. She, too, was a woman of noble appearance on the stage, and she had a voice of notable richness, beauty, and power. Her singing of such parts as Amneris in "Aida" and Leonora in "La Favorita" is one of the glorious traditions of the local operatic stage. Zelle Trebelli came to America in her later days, when much of the beauty of her voice had disappeared, though enough remained to enable her to achieve a considerable success.

Since those two women ceased to sing to us, we have had no great contralto until the advent of Mme. Schumann-Heink. Sofia Scalchi was the favorite of the New York public for some years, but it cannot be said that she ever deserved her popularity. Her voice was simply vulgar in quality, and its registers were so unequal that there was more truth than humor in the familiar assertion that she had three voices. She was accomplished in the delivery of roulades, but her singing was full of the cheapest ad captandum tricks, and was utterly devoid of all emotional force. She had a vicious method of tone production.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is a comparatively young woman, though she has been on the stage twenty years. She was only seventeen when she applied for the position of contralto at the Court Theatre in Dresden. She sang "Ach, mein Sohn," from "Der Prophet," and the brindisi from "Lucrezia Borgia." She was engaged at once, and made her debut in October, 1878, as Azucena. She was subsequently eight years at the Stadt Theatre, Hamburg, whence we have drawn such singers as Sucher, Klafsky, and Ternina. In 1896 she made her first appearances at Bayreuth as Erda, Waltraute, and one of the Norns. Those appearances caused her to be heard of outside of Germany, and Mr. Grau engaged her for the Wagner cycle at Covent Garden last Spring.

Music in Mobile.—The recent concert given in Mobile, Ala., by the Clara Schumann Club was a brilliant success, according to a local paper. The affair was held in honor of the visiting members of the Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs.

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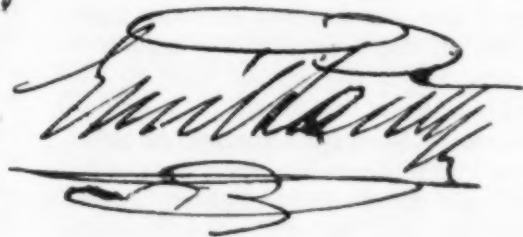
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MUSICAL BOSTON.

BOSTON, April 10, 1899.

The Händel and Hadyn Society gave a performance of Schumann's "Paradise and Peri," at Music Hall, on Sunday evening, April 2, the occasion being the last concert of its season of 1898-99. Mr. Reinhold L. Herman conducted.

The soloists included Mme. Lillian Nordica and Miss Fannie Hirsch, sopranos; Mrs. Adele L. Baldwin, alto; Mr. Whitney Mockridge, tenor, and Mr. Hugo Heinz, bass.

The work of the chorus, as usual, was commendable, the parts being better balanced and the orchestra better placed than at the last concert. The chorus shows constant improvement under Mr. Herman's instruction.

Mme. Nordica sang the music of her part as if she were not familiar with it, thereby necessitating a mental task that evoked a constricted effort in her tone-production, rendering her voice hard and inflexible. Her singing consequently displayed little that was really artistic in the effort.

Miss Hirsch seemed extremely nervous, but she nevertheless sang with temperament and intelligence.

Mrs. Baldwin sang her part in a confident manner, but her voice production was divided between an oversized tone or one nasally inclined.

Both Mr. Mockridge and Mr. Heinz were inadequate.

Schumann's music to "Manfred" embraced the entire programme of the twenty-first concert of the Berlin Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall last Saturday evening. The choruses were sung by members of the Cecilia. The soloists were Mrs. Titus and Miss Edmunds, and Messrs. Johnson, Hay, Martin, Hyland and Ashenden.

Mr. Ffrangcon Davies was the reader, and he proved so totally inadequate that he threw a pall over the entire occasion, and became such an insufferable bore that, in company with many other listeners, I was obliged to withdraw before the performance was half over.

Mr. George Riddle made a pronounced success when he read the poem for a performance in 1892, by the orchestra under Nikisch. Upon inquiry why such an incompetent reader was engaged, I was informed that he was highly recommended by Manager Henry Wolfsohn.

The second week of the Maurice Grau Opera Company gave us the following works: "Tristan and Isolde," "Marriage of Figaro," "Lohengrin," "Faust," "Hero and Leander," "Huguenots," "Don Juan" and "Romeo and Juliet," embracing a repetition of five works given the week before.

The attendance at the performances of "Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Juan" tested the capacity of the house to its utmost.

Mancinelli's "Hero and Leander" drew the smallest house of the season.

The merits of this composition have been fully noticed in the columns of MUSICAL AMERICA. All I would say is that the work displays great skill upon the part of the composer in an effective management of the subject; in novelty of orchestral device, and in some able choral writing. However, the listener waits in vain for the breath of inspiration.

The two most spontaneous moments are the "Shell" song and the "Bacchanale" scene.

Van Dyck enhanced his already enviable reputation by a superb presentation of the rôle of Lohengrin.

Another marked feature of the week was the splendid acting and singing of Jean de Reszke as Tristan.

Regardless of the great vocal skill of this eminent singer, it cannot be denied that he occasionally hovers upon the edge of a hard "open tone" quality upon certain vowel forms in his upper middle voice.

Nordica, Eames and Sembrich repeated their successes of the previous week, the former distinguishing herself again in the "Huguenots" as Valentine, and the latter as Zerlina in "Don Juan."

Miss Marie Engle sang the Queen in "Huguenots" with quite a degree of success. Did she but locate her upper voice as correctly as her medium, and employ more freedom and flow to the breath, her vocal effort would have more than rivaled Sembrich's in this same rôle, as regards beauty of tone and a flexible employment of the apparatus.

Eames' greatest opportunities were as Ero and Juliet.

Maurel distinguished himself by a repetition of his highly artistic impersonation of Don Juan.

The excellent dramatic ability of Saléza was again made evident in his assumption of the rôles of Leander and Romeo.

It is believed that Mr. Grau will leave Boston a loser on his season at the Boston Theatre. This is to be regretted, for his company is the most complete one that has ever appeared here, and he has been lavish in all its appointments.

Why the attendance was not uniformly large I cannot say. Many attribute it to the much higher prices than we have been accustomed to here in Boston. And yet on the occasion of the performance of "Marriage of Figaro" and the second one of "Don Juan," parsimony on the part of the public was not to be observed, for it just fought for the chance to stand.

Some say that Sembrich drew the big houses; but then, again, why was there not a crush at the "Barber" and the first "Don Juan" performance, if that is so. It is very difficult, almost impossible, to bespeak the success financially of a performance, so capricious is the public. One thing is certain, the Wagner operas, excepting "Lohengrin," have ceased to draw in Boston. Our public seems to have tired of the works of the Trilogy, for only the faithful now turn out on the Wagner nights.

This is an encouraging sign. The frenzy engendered by the music-drama is rapidly burning out, and the desire for opera, melodic, harmonic, lyric and dramatic, is evidently upon the increase. Of course, this must be sad news for Bro. Krehbiel, for, like Othello, his occupation in the direction of irrigator and explainer of Wagner's problems must soon be gone.

The music-drama began and ended with Wagner, and it is lamentable that the gigantic genius of this master should not have been turned, instead, in all its power towards the development of operatic art in its higher forms.

With a host of others, I have sat at the feet of the master, and have read, studied and listened, expecting that the diet of "leading motives," as the processes of digestion proceeded, would prove nutritive in the absorption of the food. But, alas! I have found it more and more anæmic as increased association with its material was experienced.

I am now not only willing, but anxious, to return to my former regimen of operatic diet, and leave the music-drama to those whose digestive powers, metaphorically speaking, call for board nails, red cedar shingles, etc., to appease the demands of the gastric juice of an inordinate musical maw.

There, now, my readers, throw your bricks, if you have not been similarly convinced.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSICAL CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, April 11, 1899.

Besides the opening of the Castle Square Grand Opera Company, at Studebaker Hall, last Monday night, the principal musical event of the week was the "Creation," sung by the Apollo Club Thursday night at the Auditorium.

Miss Helen Buckley was the soprano soloist, and while she sang evenly and in tune, her work lacked artistic finish. The excellent work of Ben Davies, tenor, was so pronounced that one could not help wishing the soprano part equally well done.

The chorus, which was large, sang well. In volume, unanimity and general comprehensiveness, the chorus showed a decided improvement, but the performance as a whole lacked swing, and the animation to be expected of a jubilee anniversary of Haydn's great and noble work.

Another thing was clearly shown. A man may be a very able musician, and yet unable to conduct an orchestra. Mr. Wild, who directs the Apollo Club, is an orchestral director neither by training nor by experience, and the sooner he realizes the fact the better for his career as a musician of consequence.

The Castle Square Opera Company promises to be a decided success. The chorus is particularly good. The voices are all fresh and musical, and, indeed, the chorus work in "Faust" has never been surpassed by the high-priced companies heard here. The attendance has been quite good, and there is assurance of its continuation, so that altogether the engagement is a most promising one.

The last concert of the Chicago Orchestra for this season occurred last week, and closed with the booming echoes of Tschaiakowsky's "1812" overture. The "Lohengrin" Vorspiel was so well received that a partial repetition was given.

At the close there was quite a demonstration of applause, and Mr. Thomas responded with a few words of laughing remark. The tribute from the patrons of the concert was a genuine expression of good will and appreciation.

Louis Amato, the 'cellist, gave a concert in Steinway Hall, last Wednesday night, with the assistance of Emil Liebling. The audience was small, but very appreciative. Mr. Amato has a fine technique, and is an intelligent, facile performer. One of Mr. Liebling's numbers was the Nevin suite, "A Day in Venice." A Beethoven string trio was played by Mr. Amato, Alex. Kraus and F. Volk.

Haydn's "Creation" was given for the first time in Chicago in 1858, under the direction of Calvin M. Cady. The Apollo Club has given it five times since—May, 1880; January, 1884; April, 1887; May, 1892, and April, 1899.

William H. Sherwood is to conclude his series of Studebaker Hall concerts April 13, and will play a sonata by Draesecke for the first time in America.

Frederick Grant Gleason will deliver two lectures this week in the Auditorium Recital Hall.

Max Heinrich, recently engaged by the Chicago Conservatory, will make his first appearance in a song-recital under the Conservatory auspices at Central Music Hall April 12. The Chicago Conservatory now has a corps of teachers without superiors.

The Chicago Manuscript Society gave its thirteenth concert in the assembly rooms of the Fine Arts Building last Thursday night. Massenet, Saint-Saëns and Rheinberger are honorary members, and the programme included compositions of theirs.

The Garibaldi Monument Fund is to have a benefit concert in Steinway Hall April 13.

"The Sherwood Music School will move into its enlarged quarters in the Studebaker Building, about May 1. The faculty will be strengthened by additional instructors, a violin department added, and all departments of the present system will be enlarged." So says the Chicago "Journal" under the Music and Drama head. How did such an item ever escape the lynx eyes of the dollar-a-line business manager?

Mme. Teresa Carreño will give a farewell concert in Chicago about the first week in May. Madame is a great favorite in Chicago.

The eighth season of the Chicago Orchestra closes, it is understood, with \$5,000 less deficit than usual. Hitherto the public-spirited men of the Orchestral Association have met an annual deficit of about \$30,000. There is now a fund of \$40,000, recently raised among the supporters of the orchestra, to meet the \$25,000 deficit and furnish some surplus.

The advance sale for next year is said to be encouragingly heavy in spite of the increase in prices.

PHILIP J. MEHL.

Madrigal Postponed.—Messrs. Chickering & Sons were compelled to postpone their Madrigal Concert, which was to have been given, April 4, at Chickering Hall, New York, to Tuesday afternoon, April 25. The programme will be announced later.

Los Angeles Violinist.—The Los Angeles "Times" said recently: "Herr Oscar Werner, the young violinist, made his initial public appearance before an audience that filled the Fitzgerald Music Hall to the doors. He was cordially received, and his numbers were greeted with spontaneous and enthusiastic applause."

MUSICAL SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 4, 1899.

The town has subsided from its paroxysm of grand opera, which they say was eminently profitable to the Ellis Company. We are, however, now indulging in an unusual amount of the comic variety of lyric drama. The Tivoli we have always with us, year in and year out, for more than twenty of them, and one would suppose the demand to be sufficiently met. However this may be, there are two strong rivals competing with the home supply.

The Bostonians have sung "Rob Roy" to crowds for two weeks at the Columbia Theatre, and are to stay three weeks longer. "The Serenade" is drawing well now, and the irresistible "Robin Hood" is still in reserve, as a trump card, to be played when need be.

Another rival is the Southwell Opera Company, that opened on the 1st at the Grand Opera House, almost before the flavor of Italian opera and its fashionable air had evaporated from that rejuvenated shrine of music. The handsome temple and its opulence of foyer and stage is the same, but the company and audience seem to rattle about in it like peas in a pod, or to be a misfit in the elegant housing.

The company is good, the chorus is large, and most of the principal singers are above the average. The orchestra, about twenty men, plays with excellent spirit under the baton of Mr. Celli Simonson, who evidently knows his business, and has his eyes and ears constantly on the alert.

The company opened in Millöcker's "Black Hussar," and gave it such a lively performance that were the work a novelty rather than a chestnut, it would achieve greater success. Next week they promise "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," another antiquity, though a good one.

The enterprise started with Bostonian prices, but after a few experiments concluded to come down to the Tivoli tariff instead. But it will be hard to induce people to turn away from the old, cozy, free and easy comforts of the Tivoli, where one can fall back upon smoke and drink, to while away the occasional tedium of a comedian's cavortings or other lapses in the fascination. The charms of an elegant opera house, much too big for the sort of entertainment, illy compensate for the restrictions of the liberty one enjoys at the Tivoli. The Southwell Company, therefore, has not yet emerged from the experimental period, and its success is still problematical. The Tivoli meanwhile is drawing good houses with a home-made Easter extravaganza, fixed up by George Lask, called "Beautiful Golden Locks," with a local flavor.

Mr. Hermann Genss, late of Berlin, has recently come here to stay, and by way of introduction announces an invitation piano recital at Sherman-Clay Hall, April 11. Mr. Genss seems to "come well recommended," having held no end of prominent positions of musical responsibility in various parts of Germany, both as a teacher and conductor. There is room here for a new god—our musical divinities wear out so fast in this sunny climate.

Sauer and Rosenthal are going to be perilously near a collision here. Their dates are both at the Grand Opera House—Sauer on the 19th and 21st, and the other on the 25th and 26th. Whether the musical stomach is strong enough thoroughly to digest two pianistic birds of such juicy richness in one week remains to be seen. I hope so, though "I have my doubts about it."

H. M. BOSWORTH.

Poor Prodigies.—Everybody is jumping on the infant prodigies nowadays. Mr. Gerry has found a friend in Mr. Henderson, of the New York "Times," who wrote last Sunday: "Most of these children are talented, and if properly brought up, would in the course of time be able to give immense artistic pleasure to the world. But too frequently they are spoiled by the mendacious praise of so-called friends, or have their little heads turned by the sound of public applause, and never come to anything at all."



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